

PRÉCIS WRITING  
FOR CIVIL SERVICE CANDIDATES



# PRÉCIS WRITING

*FOR CIVIL SERVICE CANDIDATES*

BY  
ALFRED JACKSON  
M.A. PH.D.



GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.  
LONDON TORONTO BOMBAY SYDNEY

1192

*First published 1938*  
by GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.  
182 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

*Copyright. All rights reserved*

---

*Made in Great Britain. Printed by Jarrold & Sons, Limited,  
Norwich*



## PREFACE

THIS book is intended to meet the requirements of all grades of the Civil Service Examinations, from the clerical classes to the administrative and executive groups. It is, I believe, the first book of its kind to be published. The précis paper set by the Commission differs from that of other examining bodies; it usually takes the form of a long, interesting story or article of sound literary merit and has to be reduced to some 200 words. Naturally, the difficulty of the passage set increases with the difficulty of the examination, but the types of question are much the same. The difference is one of degree rather than of type.

Candidates using this book, therefore, are recommended to work right through it, rather than to choose an exercise at random, as the passages are meant to be progressive. After reading the Introduction, the student should attempt the first exercise and consult the Outlines and Hints when he has finished his final copy. He should then re-examine his effort to see whether he has fulfilled all the requirements. The suggestions in the Introduction should be referred to after every exercise is completed.

It is hoped that this book will be of service not only to those studying under teachers and tutors but also to those working independently. All the exercises are either actual examination papers or passages of similar type.

I should like to make my acknowledgments to the following who have kindly given me permission to use their copyright material:

The Editor and Publishers of *The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories* for the translations of "Jacclard" by Georges Garnier; "Uncle Sambuq's Fortune" by Paul Arène; "The Experiment" by Frederic Boutet; and "The Musgravius Monopoly" by Paul Clesio.

The Proprietors of *Punch* for "A Beat for Tiger" by E. P. White, and "Muzzle the Monkey" by Anthony Armstrong.

*The Times* Publishing Co., Ltd., for four extracts from their newspaper.

The Cambridge University Press for "Pepys's Diary" from the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, and "Voltaire" from the *Cambridge Modern History*.

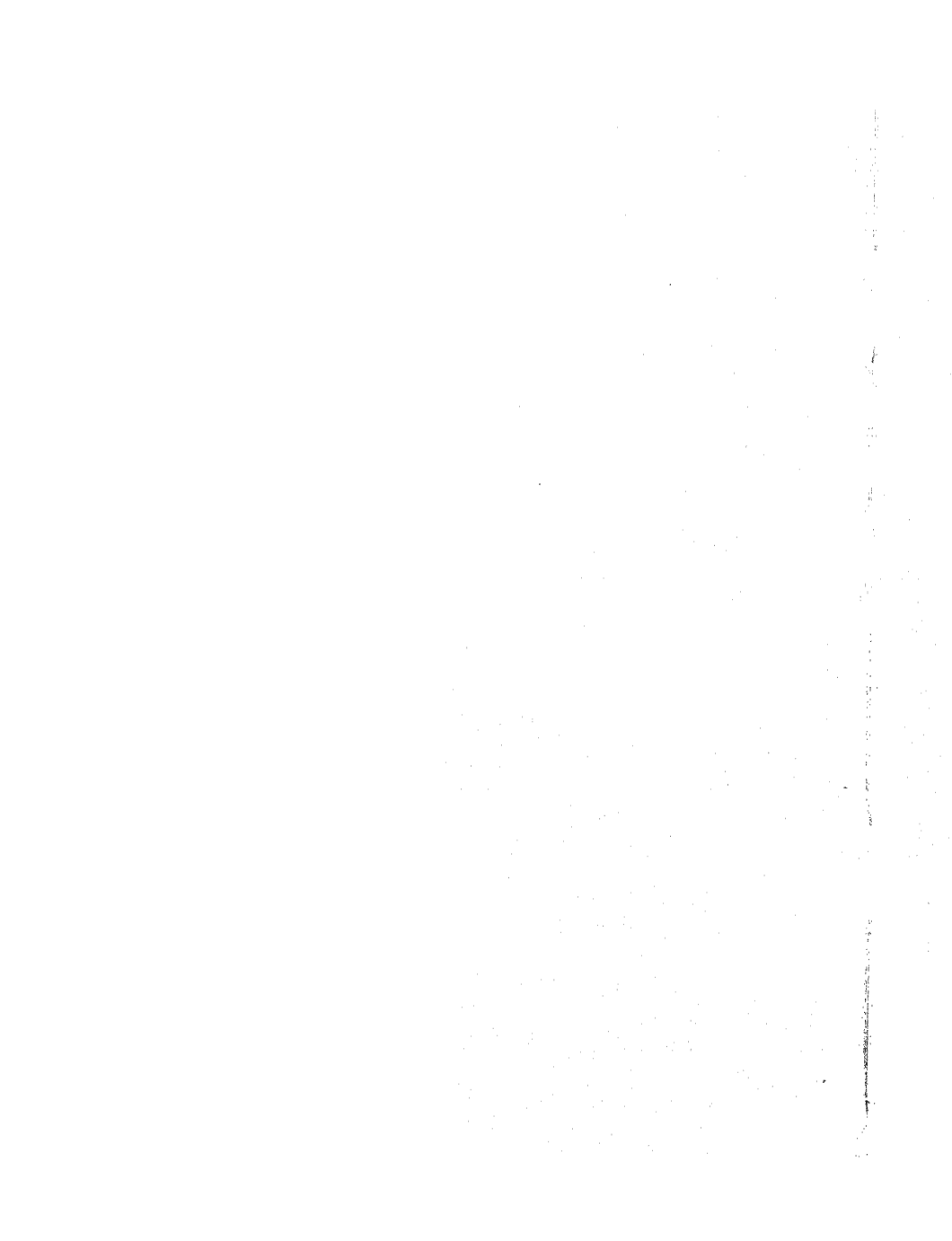
The Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office for "Physical Education in Germany" set at a recent Civil Service Examination, and for the extract from *The Teaching of English in England*.

Finally I should like to express my thanks to Mr F. H. Pritchard and to Mr C. A. Milledge for the kind assistance they have given me.

A. J.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
I. MUZZLE THE MONKEY      Anthony Armstrong	22
II. UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE      Paul Arène	27
III. AFTER MANY HAZARDS      Charles Kingsley	36
IV. JACCLARD      Georges Garnier	44
V. A BEAT FOR TIGER      E. P. White	53
VI. THE GRIDIRON      Samuel Lover	58
VII. KING ROBERT OF SICILY      Leigh Hunt	70
VIII. CON CREGAN'S LEGACY      Charles Lever	79
IX. THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG      Charles Lamb	88
X. THE EXPERIMENT      Frederic Boutet	93
XI. THE MUSGRAVIUS MONOPOLY      Paul Clesio	101
XII. THE VISION OF MIRZA      Joseph Addison	107
XIII. THE PLAGUE      Daniel Defoe	114
XIV. A QUIET RAMBLE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY	
Washington Irving	117
XV. THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH      E. A. Poe	122
XVI. TOWN-PLANNING THE CITY <i>The Times</i>	132
XVII. FUEL AND DEFENCE <i>The Times</i>	137
XVIII. THE HOUSING ACT OF 1936 <i>The Times</i>	142
XIX. THE NURSE'S VOCATION <i>The Times</i>	147
XX. PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY	152
XXI. ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOL	
<i>The Teaching of English in England</i>	157
XXII. PEPYS'S DIARY	
<i>The Cambridge History of English Literature</i>	167
XXIII. VOLTAIRE <i>The Cambridge Modern History</i>	171
OUTLINES AND HINTS	174
QUESTIONS	188



## INTRODUCTION

PRÉCIS is a concise and accurate summary of a given passage. It must be written in readable, continuous, and good English. All that is not essential must be omitted. The meaning of a successful précis should be clear to a reader unfamiliar with the original passage. There are many forms that the selected passage may take, but usually, in Civil Service examinations, a long and interesting story is given. This has to be reduced to about 250 words, that is, roughly a ninth or tenth of its actual length.

Of the many ways of writing a précis the following is suggested:

- i. Read the passage through till you are absolutely familiar with the story.
- ii. Read the passage again, jotting down the essentials as you go.
- iii. Write out a rough copy.
- iv. Count the number of words to see that copy is neither too long nor too short.
- v. Polish the rough copy until it has attained final form.
- vi. Write out the final copy neatly.

This method will be found serviceable for all types of précis, but several things must be remembered:

- i. It is easier to cut down than to lengthen.

- ii. Do not write final copy till you are *quite* ready. Deletions and untidy work mean loss of marks.
- iii. Keep whole passage in *third person, past tense* unless there is some special reason for not doing so. Do not mix direct with indirect speech.
- iv. See whether you have not used two or more words where one would do, *e.g.*, "joke-loving" = "fond of doing practical jokes."
- v. See whether semicolons can be substituted for 'and,' full stops, or commas.
- vi. Do not start all sentences the same way; try starting with participles, adjectives, or adverbs.
- vii. Do not use abbreviations, slang, colloquialisms, or foreign expressions.
- viii. Keep the events of the story in chronological order.
- ix. Remember that other people have to understand your writing besides yourself.

Now suppose you had to summarize the following passage, set in 1936 for the Army and Navy Entrance Examination. The instructions say you must not use more than 250 words.

### MR LORQUISON'S STORY

My friend Mr Lorquison, who has a reputation for his anecdotes, called on me recently. I knew

that a few days before he had been at a story-telling party and had greatly amused the company, and naturally I was curious to hear the story which he had told on that occasion.

"Well," said he, "I may have told you at some time or other; but I'll give it you now if you like; only mind, if you've heard it before, interrupt me."

I gave him the required promise, and he thus began:

"I think you're something of a gardener, are you not?" I admitted horticultural propensities in a small degree, and he continued, "Then you'll enjoy my story all the more. Well, my father was a great florist, an amateur, and used to take immense pleasure in the cultivation of a moderate-sized garden attached to our suburban cottage at Islington. You seem surprised at my mentioning such a site for a cottage and garden, but I allude to the Islington as I knew it thirty years ago, when Newington 'Green Lanes' was a dangerous place after dark, and an inhabitant of Upper or Lower Clapton was considered a rustic.

"Numerous little cottages, with their neatly trimmed flower-beds, were to be seen at Islington at the time of which I speak, and conspicuous among them all for artistic arrangement and plants of really great value was my father's garden. How well I recollect the look of satisfaction with which he used to regard the work of his hands as, sitting in his easy-chair on a summer's Sunday evening, he would slowly puff at his after-dinner pipe (he was a widower), while drawing the attention of

some friend to the peculiarities of certain cuttings, and the various beauties of his favourite shrubs.

"His companion on one of these occasions was a Mr Tibbs, a thorough Cockney, with about as much idea of country life and agricultural pursuits as a fish has of nut-cracking. He was a tradesman in the city, had risen to the rank of alderman, and was now within no very great distance of the mayoralty. This 'achievement of greatness,' though adding somewhat to his natural pomposity, had in no way diminished his innate relish for a joke. His fun certainly was not refined, nor his raillery elegant; but, as he used to say, 'a joke's a joke,' and undoubtedly Mr Tibbs's jokes were peculiarly his own, and no one, I'm sure, would ever think of claiming them.

"'How's Polly Hanthus?' was his invariable greeting on entering our house. After the delivery of which facetious allusion to my father, he would indulge in chuckles of some seconds' duration.

"'Well,' said he, when my father had finished a long disquisition on the merits of a splendid chrysanthemum, 'well, Lorquison, I don't know much about your kissymythumb, which is Latin or Greek, or—something or other,' he added after a pause, feeling rather out of his element in an etymological question; 'but I'll send you a seed or two, the like of which you've never come across, my boy.' Here, taking his pipe from his mouth, he wagged his head in a fat and happy manner.

"'And what may they be?' asked my father, with much interest.



“‘Well, they *may* be anything,’ replied Tibbs, with an inward chuckle at his own wit; ‘but they happen to be seeds. Lor’ bless you, I ain’t a-going to tell you what they are. But they’re rare—very rare. Such a gardener’ (he pronounced it gardinger) ‘as you ought to tell what the plant is when you looks at the seed. For my part, I don’t pretend to call ’em any grand name—it’s a very short ’un. Will you have ’em?’

“‘Delighted!’ answered my father. ‘Send them as soon as possible, and I don’t doubt but we shall be able to get up a curious paper on the subject in the *Gardeners’ Magazine*.’

“‘Very good; then mind you take care in planting of ’em, Lorquison, ’cos they’ve never been sown afore in this country.’

“Here Mr Tibbs was taken with a violent fit of coughing, which, although he attributed it to the evening air, or the smoke going ‘the wrong way,’ my young eyes detected as the effect caused by a series of suppressed chuckles. My father, elated with the idea of his new acquisition, did not remark this. ‘Here’s my coach,’ said Tibbs, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

“‘Don’t forget the seeds,’ were my father’s last words as his guest departed. I believe my father scarcely slept all that night: he was never a sluggard, but on that Monday morning he was up earlier than ever, and working in his garden with the utmost diligence. He was clearing out a space of ground for the reception of the promised seeds. During breakfast he was in a perpetual state of

fidget; the postman was late—stay—would it come by post?—no, by carrier. At last, however, the postman did arrive, and delivered into my father's hands, ready at the front gate to receive him, a small packet with a letter from Tibbs, containing an apology for having sent only twenty seeds, and pleading their value as his excuse. These twenty little wonders were quite round and very small, being, as it appeared to us, of a dark red colour. My father inspected them, and looked puzzled; smelt them, and said 'humph!' That 'humph' was portentous; even the stolid Tibbs would cease his chuckle at my father's 'humph!'

"Perhaps you know that all gardeners examine with a glass and taste their seeds; my father was now about to go through this double process. He looked at them through his powerful microscope.

"'Why, surely——' said my father, and took another survey. Something was wrong. 'I do believe——' he began, and then followed the trial by tasting. He smacked his lips and clicked his tongue against his palate—frowned—spat out the seed—bent down his head to the microscope, and then exclaimed: 'Confound that Tibbs!' I waited anxiously for what was to follow. 'Seeds! *Why, he's sent me the dried roe of a herring!*'

"I recollect how amused I was, as a child, at this practical joke of Tibbs's. My father laughed heartily in spite of his vexation, and, folding up the packet previous to putting it away in his private drawer, said quietly, 'Very well, Mr Tibbs,' by which I knew that he intended to repay

our Cockney friend in his own coin. He wrote, however, thanking Tibbs for his present, and that little gentleman, I have no doubt, retailed the joke to many a friend on 'Change, and began to look upon himself as a consummate wit.

"But they laugh longest who laugh last. Three weeks after this Tibbs met my father one Saturday afternoon in the City.

"How's Polly Hanthus?' inquired Tibbs.

"Well, thank you,' replied my father. 'Will you dine with me to-morrow?' Tibbs was not the man to refuse a good offer.

"By the way,' he slyly asked, almost bursting with chuckles, 'how about those seeds, eh?'

"What seeds?' asked my father, with an air of utter ignorance.

"Oh, that won't do!' returned Tibbs. 'I say, are they growing? 'Twan't bad, was it?' My father's serious face prevented a burst of laughter in which his friend was about to indulge.

"If you mean those seeds which you sent to me as a curiosity three weeks ago, I can only say that they're getting on capitally.'

"Hey! what?' exclaimed the alderman.

"Well! I grant you that it is a *lusus naturæ*.<sup>1</sup>

"Oh, indeed!' said Tibbs, thinking that this might be the horticultural Latin for a herring.

"But come to-morrow and you'll see them yourself. Good-bye!'

"Very curious—very!' murmured the bewildered Tibbs to himself as my father hurried

<sup>1</sup> *Lusus naturæ*, a sport of Nature.

off. When my father returned to Islington on that Saturday night he brought with him *twenty red herrings*. Tibbs, according to promise, dined with us on Sunday.

“After a pipe you shall see how well your seeds are progressing.”

“Tibbs put his hands in his pockets and feebly smiled at my father’s words. He had tried during dinner to discover whether real seeds had been sent by some mistake, or the trick had been discovered. But my father began talking about sea anemones, prickly fish, jelly fish, of strange marine inhabitants that had the appearance of vegetables, and so on, till Mr Tibbs saw but slight difference between a codfish and a fir-tree, and began to think his joke was not so good a one after all.

“Dinner finished, the pipe smoked, my father led the way down the garden walk. He was enjoying himself immensely. Tibbs began to think of all the persons to whom he had told the excellent story of Lorquison and the herrings, and repented that he had not given more of his time to the study of natural history. On he walked, following my father through rows of geraniums, pinks, bright roses, and marvellous tulips, until at length they arrived at a sequestered part, where, on a fresh-dug bed, overshadowed by two fine laburnums, stood twenty inverted flower-pots arranged in four rows. Here my father stopped.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘you mustn’t be disappointed if they’re not so far advanced as you expected; but

I think they're getting on admirably, considering 'tis the first time they've ever been planted in this country.' Tibbs remembered his own words, and mumbled something about 'first time—this country—who'd ha' thought'—and looked very foolish.

"'There!' said my father, lifting up the first pot. Tibbs caught sight of something beneath it.

"'Good gracious!' he exclaimed, and put on his spectacles.

*"Sure enough there was the nose of a red herring just visible above the ground.*

"'Cover it up, Tibbs, the cold air may hurt it,' cried my father, who had been pretending to examine the other pots.

"'Here's a better one—it has had more sun': he pointed to one which he had just uncovered, whose eyes, just visible above the black earth, were looking up in the most impudent manner.

"Tibbs moved on silently: carefully did he replace the first pot, and, with the gravest face imaginable, examined all the herrings in turn.

"'They're getting on well,' said my father. "'Tis a curious sight.'

"'Curious!' echoed Tibbs, regaining his speech. 'It's *wonderful!!* Sir,' said he, taking my father aside in his most impressive manner, 'I thought yesterday 'twas a joke; but I give you my solemn word of honour *that I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it.*'

"Having given utterance to this remarkable sentence he slowly turned on his heel and walked

towards the house, my father following with his handkerchief tightly pressed against his mouth.

"As for me, I stopped behind and pulled up the twenty herrings one after the other, and when I returned to the house Mr Tibbs had departed.

"Not bad, was it?"

*Method.* Having read the story once or twice and understood it, we next jot down its main points as we read it again. It will be something like this:

Mr Lorquison was a great amateur florist at Islington and took pride in his garden. His companion one day was a Cockney alderman Mr Tibbs who appreciated not gardening but practical jokes. He promised to send Mr Lorquison some curious seeds never sown in England before. Mr Lorquison, excited, prepared ground next day for seeds. They arrived: twenty round, dark red seeds. Mr Lorquison, suspicious, tasted and examined them under a microscope. Found that they were dried roe of herring. Determined to repay joke. Met Mr Tibbs one day; invited him to dine next day. To Tibbs' surprise told him seeds were progressing well. Tibbs puzzled. Mr Lorquison bought twenty red herrings. Next day Tibbs came and was confused by Mr Lorquison talking about queer marine life. After dinner they went to garden where there were twenty inverted flower-pots. Tibbs lifted the pots and saw nose of red herring just visible above earth. He was absolutely staggered and declared he would not have believed it if he had not seen it. He departed sorrowfully, followed by Mr Lorquison chuckling.

*Draft.* We now proceed to make our rough copy following the main points above.

Mr Lorquison, a great amateur florist, lived at Islington, where he took pride in his garden. One day his companion was a Cockney alderman named Tibbs, who although ignorant of horticulture loved practical jokes. As a joke he offered to send Mr Lorquison some curious seeds never sown in England before. Mr Lorquison was greatly excited, rose early, and prepared a specially-dug bed for their reception. When they arrived, he discovered that Tibbs had sent twenty red, round seeds, which, on examination by taste and under a microscope, proved to be the roe of a herring. Determined to repay the joke, Mr Lorquison pretended to be ignorant of the deception, and bided his time. One day he met Tibbs and invited him to dinner, at the same time saying that the seeds Tibbs had sent were progressing well. Tibbs was sorely puzzled. That night Mr Lorquison bought twenty red herrings. Next day Mr Tibbs came to dine, and during the meal was completely confused by Mr Lorquison's talk about queer, fantastic marine life. After dinner they went into the garden where Tibbs saw twenty inverted flower-pots neatly arranged. He lifted the pots one by one, and to his amazement saw the tips of red herrings just protruding from the soil. Completely disconcerted he said that he would not have believed the sight had he not seen it himself. Turning sorrowfully he departed to the house followed by Mr Lorquison stifling his chuckles.

*Final Copy.* We now polish and improve our draft until we reach the final form, something like this:

Mr Lorquison, enthusiastic amateur florist, prided himself so much on his garden, that his friend, Mr Tibbs, a self-made but jest-loving Cockney alderman, took delight in baiting him. One day he told Mr Lorquison that he possessed some rare seeds, bizarre growths unknown to English soil, and that he would send some. Highly excited, Mr Lorquison prepared the garden to receive them, and, when they arrived, they proved to be twenty small, round seeds. Mr Lorquison, slightly suspicious, tasted them and examined them under a microscope, when he discovered that Mr Tibbs had sent, as a joke, the roe of a herring. Determined to reciprocate, Mr Lorquison pretended not to have noticed the hoax, and, on meeting Mr Tibbs invited him to dinner so that he could see the progress of the exotic plants. Before the visit, however, he bought twenty red herrings, which he planted beneath inverted flower-pots with their tips showing, and when Mr Tibbs arrived he proceeded to dilate on the curiosities of marine plant life. Mr Tibbs, thoroughly confused and mystified, was then led into the garden where, to his intense amazement, he saw that his seeds had apparently been productive. He stared in bewildered consternation at the phenomena and expressed his conviction that he would never have believed the prodigy had he not actually seen it. Dumbfounded he turned away, followed by Mr Lorquison convulsed with suppressed chuckles.

There are about 235 words in our final copy—well within the stipulated number.

The shorter, and usually more difficult, exercises may be done exactly the same way, except that it might be found convenient to cross out on the



actual passage set all unnecessary matter. This would leave a framework, which simply needs some adjustments. If the simple rules of précis writing are remembered, no exercise, however awkward it may look at first glance, should present especial difficulty.

I

MUZZLE THE MONKEY

OF course there are some animals that are allowed in barracks and some that are not. Without laying itself open to the charge of being too pernicky, the Army Council has, no doubt wisely, decided that small monkeys come in the second category.

So Private Rifle was definitely in the wrong when he returned from week-end leave with a small monkey, which he told Private Pullthrough he had bought from a cousin in the Navy, after mendaciously explaining to the Corporal of the Guard that it had followed him home because he had a nice kind face.

The monkey spent Sunday night in the barrack-room tied to a bed, and during Monday was successfully concealed from both the Orderly Officer and prowling sergeants by a greatcoat which very nearly removed it by suffocation from the list of effectives.

Monday evening was a red-letter evening in the history of the regimental canteen. In fact there was such a crowd round the bar that every man had to hold his glass in his hand and dared not leave it on the counter for a moment. In the centre of it was Private Rifle, by then well stricken in beers, and the monkey whom Rifle had attempted to name Jacko, but whom public opinion had christened Muzzle in view of a strong resemblance which every one in the canteen had noticed except

Private Muzzle. The monkey, shy at the beginning of the evening, had now gathered beerage way and had been prevailed upon to do a few tricks with a military flavour, such as dying for the Sergeant-Major, presenting arms, saluting Lance-Corporal Pouch and loving Private Muzzle, which last brought the house down and sent Private Muzzle off to bed, remarking, in language unfit for exact reproduction, that some blighters considered themselves very funny, didn't they?

In the midst of the excitement the Orderly Corporal appeared to close the canteen. It was Corporal Foresight, a stickler for discipline, and so the monkey was hurriedly buttoned into Private Rifle's tunic.

Now neither you nor I would like to be buttoned into Private Rifle's tunic; nor did the monkey. What he actually did is not quite clear, but Private Rifle suddenly leapt into the air uttering eldritch screams of uncontrollable mirth and jumped out of the window. He arrived later in his barrack-room saying that he had lost the monkey and that he had always been ticklish from a boy.

Where Muzzle the Monkey spent Monday night is not known. That he was bored, however, was proved by the appearance next morning of 'D' Company's office cat, which, looking as though it had had three rounds with a tornado and its tail tonsured, crept into the office and sank into an exhausted slumber. At intervals throughout the morning it woke up with a nervous start and immediately jumped three feet vertically in the air,

trying at the same time to face all ways at once. The monkey himself was not seen till dinner-time, when he made friends with Private Butt, who generously shared Private Barrel's dinner with him. Thereafter Private Barrel tried to recapture him, employing the lure of a pot of jam, borrowed from the cookhouse, to bring him within reach. Both the monkey and the pot, however, disappeared considerably more rapidly than Barrel had counted on, and he spent the afternoon explaining to a sceptical audience that he hadn't eaten the jam himself. It is only fair to the monkey to point out that he did return the empty pot, for Sergeant Haversack found most of it in his bed that night, just before getting out again and bandaging his foot.

Muzzle the Monkey's next appearance was in the Officer's Mess at about midnight. He entered by a window unobserved and crept along the rafters of the roof till he was directly over a select poker party. At this point he tripped over an electric light wire and fell suddenly and unexpectedly on to the exact centre of the card-table, where he gibbered angrily at the players for a second before disappearing like a flash up the chimney. This caused a bit of a sensation.

It was not till next morning that the hue-and-cry became general, when Lieutenant Holster, while inspecting the new guard prior to mounting it, saw one of the men looking uncomfortable, and finally observed that a small monkey had just appeared on top of his steel helmet, having arrived

there by the back stairs. Now Holster was an easygoing officer, but the rules about correct dress on guard-mounting parades are very stringent. And, though on certain occasions men are allowed to wear official emblems in the cap, the nature and scope of these emblems are rigidly laid down. So Holster told the man off for wearing a monkey on guard-mounting. He then brushed the animal off his own cap, whither it tactlessly leapt during his rebuke, and reported to the Adjutant that an unauthorized monkey was occupying the roof of the guard-room.

The Adjutant, sitting at his office desk, ordered the R.S.M. to have the monkey recaptured and find out who was responsible for bringing it into the barracks. Our Adjutant is pretty good at this sort of thing.

I don't know where the R.S.M. got his ideas of monkey-catching; but he ordered out all the defaulters and armed them with a rope, an empty sack and a half-peeled banana apiece. These last, by the way, were requisitioned from the canteen grocery bar, and eventually led to a correspondence four months in length and three inches in depth between seven different people as to who should pay.

Muzzle the Monkey evaded capture easily during the morning. He only came down from the roof twice on each occasion when an incautious pursuer had put down his banana for a moment in order to tie a slip-knot in his rope. In the afternoon, when people began to climb up on to the roof, he flung

stones and moved to another roof. When they threw slip-nooses he caught hold of the ends till some one started to pull, and then he let go. This always got him a laugh till the R.S.M. forcibly commandeered for his capture-party anyone who commented audibly on the methods employed. At 4 P.M. the monkey was still at liberty. He had covered most of the barracks just ahead of a large crowd of pursuers and seemed to be enjoying it. Private Rifle was already under open arrest. Misjudging the R.S.M.'s intelligence he had remarked in his hearing once too often and far too innocently, "Wonder 'oo the little beggar belongs to?"

At 6 P.M. nearly the whole battalion was enlisted in the hunt, in consequence of ill-advised laughter in front of the R.S.M.

At 6.15 Miss Sergeant-Major Magazine, aged eleven, came past, held out her hand and said, "Chup-chup-chup!" and Muzzle the Monkey came and perched on her shoulder.

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, *Punch*

## II

### UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE

TROPHIME COGOLIN, generally known in the district as Master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Sambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. The simple truth of the matter was that Peter Sambuq, a ne'er-do-well who had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman of a three-master one fine day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. These hard facts were too ridiculously simple for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could set out for America without reaching that continent and making his fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Sambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and Uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relatives died, and Master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now, it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the States, and Trefume seized the opportunity to offer him a glass of brandy (contraband) and ask him if he had heard of Uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume and his wife, informed them that he had a distinct recollection of having on several occasions met an individual (on the quays of New York) who was undoubtedly very wealthy indeed, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that Uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any other reasonable person would do.

On the following day Trefume again met the sailor—or perhaps it was the sailor who made a point of meeting Trefume; be that as it may, the result of the meeting was another glass of brandy for the sailor, further questions about Uncle Sambuq, and a confidential communication to the effect that the stranger in New York was really the long-lost Peter, for he had spoken to the mariner concerning his relatives, and had dropped mysterious hints as to his intentions towards them.

The Trefumes became the envied ones of the neighbourhood. Uncle Sambuq and his fortune—especially his fortune—were the chief topic of conversation for many a day among the inhabitants of the whole district. The Trefumes lived happy and contented, patiently awaiting the time when they would have their share of the millions amassed by Peter Sambuq.

A few months passed away. One morning, when Trefume was least expecting it, he received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the



French Embassy. Trefume carried that precious letter about with him all day, without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children, his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank-notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope and proved to be—Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note from the Embassy.

"So he is dead?" said his wife.

"Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the Ambassador say so?"

There was silence. None of them had known the dead man, but they had thought so much about him that it seemed as though they had been on intimate terms with him, and they were able to squeeze out a tear.

"The Ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half, wiping her eyes.

"I suppose you want him to tell us all about it straight off before the man is fairly dead," replied Trefume, sarcastically. "We can wait, and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

He looked again at the envelope and noticed that it was addressed to "Monsieur Sambuq or Monsieur Cogolin." As all the Sambuqs were dead and he was the only Cogolin, it was natural that the letter should have been delivered to him, and the vagueness of the address did not inspire in the simple man any misgivings as to the

fortune any more than did the brief note from the Embassy.

But, strange to say, the Ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a veritable fever—a gold fever—took possession of them; they lost interest in everything; they could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions, and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

"I shan't be away more than a month—or two," said Trefume, "and the boy can look after the boat. A few hundred francs won't break us; besides, I know I shall be ill if I don't go and see what's going on over there."

I have said that every one approved the decision. I may add that had it been otherwise it would have made no difference. When Trefume got an idea into his head it wanted some getting out.

He travelled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great city which he was approaching; he could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a wood. He began to get very anxious, and looked around for somebody to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the under-steward, a fellow-countryman, but the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the under-steward,

in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so get rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers. "Those are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfold anywhere in the city. Try them!"

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting two people who were so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking Yankees, who had been left severely alone on the voyage. He went towards the two passengers, who, after exchanging a word or two between themselves, walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. It never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued to walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them, hat in hand, and attempted to speak to them in his best French, but was met with a scowl and a growl which made him retire. He put it down to American—or English—manners and with a sigh he withdrew for a few minutes.

The two Americans were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow-passengers; they were worried about it, too; so,

finally, they spoke to the under-steward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well enliven the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know that there has been a big robbery in Paris?" he said, in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting that this man is Jean Ernest, the cleverest detective in France, who is on the track of the thieves and has disguised himself as a fisherman from the South."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the under-steward, and dived into the cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain; they got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way about New York as best he could.

How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began again on the following day, looking for the Embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until, sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir!

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the Americans to whom the under-steward had referred him on

the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive that it was the same man.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he cried, running towards the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running.

"What!" said Trefume to himself, in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Endoume, and he won't help me! I'll see about that."

Away they went, the American and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that; his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the American took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give me all this trouble? Now you must——"

"Hush!" interrupted the American, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

"Ah! that's better," thought Trefume. But he simply looked knowingly at the man and took a seat.

"I know what you have come to New York for," said the man.

"Good again!" thought the fisherman; but before he could speak, the American continued:

c

"We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without further bother?"

"Of course we can!" exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now, how much do you want?"

"My fair share, of course!" replied the Frenchman.

"I'll give you this pocket-book—it has one hundred thousand francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good, you need not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

One hundred thousand francs! It was an immense sum; but was it a fair share? How much was Uncle Sambuq worth?

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume doubtfully.

"How much do you expect?" asked the other irritably. "It was a good thing, but it wasn't a gold-mine, and there are several to share it. It's either that or nothing!"

"Well! I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back in the *Bretagne*, and the *Bretagne* starts in two hours. And remember, you have never seen me!"

"Done!" exclaimed Trefume.

The pocket-book was handed to him, and he

scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he became. Only one thing was clear; he had succeeded in getting a good slice of Uncle Sambuq's fortune and was now a rich man.

They remained where they were for an hour, then the American went with him to procure a ticket, saw him safely on board, and watched him until the ship started on its voyage across the Atlantic.

Thus it came about that Master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before!

As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on, when he had given up work and donned a frock-coat, he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of Uncle Sambuq's Fortune.

PAUL ARÈNE

### III

#### AFTER MANY HAZARDS

FROM the Spaniards I learnt that we were to be taken down to Lima, to the Viceroy. . . . And when I heard that, seeing that there was nothing but death before me, I made up my mind to escape; and the very first night, sirs, by God's help I did it, and went southward away into the forest, avoiding the tracks of the Cimaroons, till I came to an Indian town. And there, gentlemen, I got more mercy from heathens than ever I had from Christians; for when they found that I was no Spaniard, they fed me and gave me a house, and a wife (and a good wife she was to me), and painted me all over in patterns, as you see; and because I had some knowledge of surgery and blood-letting, and my fleams in my pocket, which were worth a fortune to me, I rose to great honour among them, though they taught me more of simples than ever I taught them of surgery. So I lived with them merrily enough, being a very heathen like them, or indeed worse; for they worshipped their Xemes, but I nothing. . . . One night, after we were all lain down, came a noise outside the town, and I, starting up, saw armed men and calivers shining in the moonlight, and heard one read in Spanish, with a loud voice, some fool's sermon, after their custom when they hunt the poor Indians, how God had given to St Peter the dominion of the whole earth, and St



Peter again the Indies to the Catholic king; wherefore, if they would all be baptized and serve the Spaniard, they should have some monkey's allowance or other of more kicks than pence; and if not, then have at them with fire and sword. But I dare say your worships know that devilish trick of theirs better than I.

Well, no sooner were the words spoken, than, without waiting to hear what the poor innocents within would answer (though that mattered little, for they understood not one word of it), what do the villains but let fly right into the town with their calivers, and then rush in, sword in hand, killing pell-mell all they met, one of which shots, gentlemen, passing through the doorway, and close by me, struck my poor wife to the heart, that she never spoke word more. I, catching up the babe from her breast, tried to run; but when I saw the town full of them, and their dogs with them in leashes, which was yet worse, I knew all was lost, and sat down again by the corpse with the babe on my knees, waiting the end, like one stunned and in a dream; for now I thought God from whom I had fled had surely found me out, as He did Jonah, and the punishment of all my sins was come. Well, gentlemen, they dragged me out, and all the young men and women, and chained us together by the neck; and one, catching the pretty babe out of my arms, calls for water and a priest (for they had their shavelings with them), and no sooner was it christened than, catching the babe by the heels, he dashed out its

brains—oh, gentlemen, gentlemen!—against the ground, as if it had been a kitten; and so did they to several more innocents that night, after they had christened them, saying it was best for them to go to heaven while they were still sure thereof; and so marched us all off for slaves, leaving the old folk and the wounded to die at leisure. But when morning came, and they knew by my skin that I was no Indian, and by my speech that I was no Spaniard, they began threatening me with torments, till I confessed that I was an Englishman, and one of Oxenham's crew. At that says the leader, "Then you shall to Lima, to hang by the side of your captain, the pirate"; by which I first knew that my poor captain was certainly gone. But, alas for me! the priest steps in and claims me for his booty, calling me Lutheran, heretic, and enemy of God; and so, to make short a sad story, to the Inquisition at Carthagena I went, where what I suffered, gentlemen, were as disgusting for you to hear as unmanly for me to complain of.

But so it was that being twice racked, and having endured the water torment as best I could, I was put to the scarpines, whereof I am, as you see, somewhat lame of one leg to this day. At which I could abide no more, and so, wretch that I am, denied my God, in hope to save my life. Which indeed I did, but little it profited me; for though I had turned to their superstition, I must have two hundred stripes in the public place, and then go to the galleys for seven years.

And there, gentlemen, oftentimes I thought that it had been better for me to have been burnt at once and for all; but you know as well as I what a floating hell of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, stripes and toil, is every one of those accursed craft. In which hell, nevertheless, gentlemen, I found the road to heaven—I had almost said heaven itself. For it fell out, by God's mercy, that my next comrade was an Englishman like myself, a young man of Bristol, who, as he told me, had been some manner of factor on board poor Captain Barker's ship, and had been a preacher among the Anabaptists here in England. And oh, Sir Richard Grenville! if that man had done for you what he did for me, you would never say a word against those who serve the same Lord, because they don't altogether hold with you. For from time to time, sir, seeing me altogether despairing and furious, like a wild beast in a pit, he set before me in secret earnestly the sweet promises of God in Christ—who says, "Come to Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will refresh you; and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow"—till all that past sinful life of mine looked like a dream when one awaketh, and I forgot all my bodily miseries in the misery of my soul, so did I loathe and hate myself for my rebellion against that loving God who had chosen me before the foundation of the world, and come to seek and save me when I was lost; and falling into very despair at the burden of my heinous sins, knew no peace until I gained sweet assurance that

my Lord had hanged my burden upon His cross, and washed my sinful soul in His sinless blood.

But, gentleman, if that sweet youth won a soul to Christ, he paid as dearly for it as ever did saint of God. For after a three or four months, when I had been all that while in sweet converse with him, there came one night to the barranco at Lima, where we were kept when on shore, three black devils of the Holy Office, and carried him off without a word, only saying to me, "Look that your turn come not next, for we hear that you have had much talk with the villain." And at these words I was so struck cold with terror that I swooned right away, and verily, if they had taken me there and then, I should have denied my God again, for my faith was but young and weak; but instead they left me aboard the galley for a few months more (that was a whole voyage to Panama and back), in daily dread lest I should find myself in their cruel claws again—and then nothing for me but to burn as a relapsed heretic. But when we came to Lima, the officers came on board again, and said to me, "That heretic has confessed naught against you, so we will leave you for this time; but because you have been seen talking with him so much, and the Holy Office suspects your conversion to be but a rotten one, you are adjudged to the galleys for the rest of your life in perpetual servitude."

Well, gentlemen, when I heard that I must end my days in that galley, I was for a while like a madman; but in a day or two there came over

me, I know not how, a full assurance of salvation, both for this life and the life to come, such as I had never had before; and it was revealed to me (I speak the truth, gentlemen, before Heaven) that now I had been tried to the uttermost, and that my deliverance was at hand.

And all the way up to Panama (that was after we had laden the *Cacafuogo*) I cast in my mind how to escape, and found no way; but just as I was beginning to lose heart again, a door was opened by the Lord's own hand: for (I know not why) we were marched across Panama to Nombre—which had never happened before—and there put all together into a great barranco close by the quayside, shackled, as is the fashion, to one long bar that ran the whole length of the house. And the very first night that we were there I, looking out of the window, spied, lying close aboard of the quay, a good-sized caravel well armed and just loading for sea; and the land breeze blew off very strong, so that the sailors were laying out a fresh warp to hold her to the shore. And it came into my mind that if we were aboard of her we should be at sea in five minutes; and looking at the quay, I saw all the soldiers who had guarded us scattered about drinking and gambling, and some going into taverns to refresh themselves after their journey. That was just at sundown; and half an hour after in comes the jailer, to take a last look at us for the night, and his keys at his girdle. Whereon, sirs (whether by madness, or whether by the spirit which gave Samson strength to rend

the lion), I rose against him as he passed me, without forethought or treachery of any kind, chained though I was, caught him by the head, and threw him there and then against the wall, that he never spoke word after; and then with his keys freed myself and every soul in that room, and bid them follow me, vowing to kill any man who disobeyed my commands. They followed, as men astounded and leaping out of the night into day, and death into life, and so aboard that caravel and out of the harbour (the Lord knows how, who blinded the eyes of idolaters), with no more hurt than a few chance shots from the soldiers on the quay.

Well, sirs, they chose me for captain, and a certain Genoese for lieutenant, and away to go. I would fain have gone ashore after all, and back to Panama to hear news of the little maid; but that would have been but a fool's errand. Some wanted to turn pirates; but I, and the Genoese too, who was a prudent man, though an evil one, persuaded them to run for England and get employment in the Netherland Wars, assuring them that there would be no safety on the Spanish Main when once our escape got wind. And the more part being of one mind, for England we sailed, watering at the Barbados because it was desolate; and so eastward towards the Canaries. In which voyage what we endured (being taken by long calms), by scurvy, calentures, hunger, and thirst, no tongue can tell. Many a time we were glad to lay out sheets at night to catch the dew,

and suck them in the morning; and he that had a noggin of rain-water out of the scuppers was as much sought to as if he had been Adelantado of all the Indies; till of a hundred and forty poor wretches a hundred and ten were dead, blaspheming God and man, and above all me and the Genoese, for taking the Europe voyage—as if I had not sins enough of my own already. And last of all, when we thought ourselves safe, we were wrecked by south-westerners on the coast of Brittany, near to Cape Race, from which but nine souls of us came ashore with their lives; and so to Brest, where I found a Flushing who carried me to Falmouth. And so ends my tale, in which if I have said one word more or less than truth, I can wish myself no worse than to have it all to undergo a second time.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho!*

IV

JACCLARD

WHEN Monsieur Bonchamps, the notary, left his house on the opening day of the shooting season, with his legs in new gaiters, his starched smock magnifying the ampleness of his form, his brightly polished gun under his arm, the villagers ran to their doors and followed him with their eyes until he disappeared at the end of the high road. Jangette, the lad who carried the game-bag round which hung a smell of game, due to the congealed blood which had remained in it from the previous season, walked behind him, like a choir-boy following the priest in a procession, respectful and proud. The dog, Bok, ran on in front, with nose in air: a strapping little spaniel, with muscular chest, and the intelligent, keen, and gentle eyes peculiar to the race, thick glossy coat, with strong mouth and a straight, well-carried tail.

The spaniel was making his first appearance in public. Monsieur Bonchamps had bought him the week before from a breeder at Bessons. After having tried him in the woods and in the open, he had paid, not without much hesitation, 500 francs for him—so high a price that he had not ventured to admit it to Madame Bonchamps.

As he passed the last house on the high road, a peasant leaning on a fence, by a hedge surrounding a vegetable garden, greeted him cunningly, taking off his cap.



"Good day, sir, there's plenty o' game. You'll have good sport, sir."

The notary seemed disagreeably surprised; he looked at him askance and answered coolly, "Good day." Evidently this man, whose name was Pierre Jacclard, had leant out there to address him as he went by, and the whole of a recent incident passed through Monsieur Bonchamps' mind.

Six months previously, he had surprised Jacclard in Halines Wood, swinging a brace of hare in his left hand and holding his loaded gun under his right arm. It was catching him redhanded, and Jacclard threw himself at the notary's feet, swearing that it should be the very last time he would ever poach. But a sportsman never forgives anyone who robs him of his game. The poacher was prosecuted. Jacclard was condemned. On account of former offences he was given three months' imprisonment. This sentence had enraged him.

"I understand that the keepers nab us," he said. "They earn their living by watching the preserves, it is their business to spy on poachers; but if the sportsmen themselves interfere, it's not fair play."

To him, poaching was a fight, a battle of wits, of cunning and care, played frankly between the keeper who watches and the thief who hides; a contest just like the one between the sportsman and the game, the keeper being armed with the law, as the sportsman is with his gun. As he left the court, he flung at Bonchamps, who watched him being led away:

"I'll be even with yer yet, Mister Notary!"

It was said in so clear, calm, and decided a voice, with the expression of a man so sure of himself, that the threat remained a long time in Monsieur Bonchamps's ears. He was on his guard for several weeks, then, as time passed, he forgot the matter. And now this morning the man as he greeted him had the same bold, quietly mocking look which the notary had seen on the day of the sentence. The poacher was known as a rogue capable on occasion of playing a nasty trick. He lived, no one knew quite how, with his father and mother, both over seventy years of age. Old Jacclard was paralysed, unable to bend his hips to sit down. He slept on a mattress on the floor, and in the morning his wife hoisted him up by planting his feet against the wall, as one raises a heavy ladder. As stiff as a board, he went off supported by two sticks as inflexible as his old legs; he mounted the steep village street as if on stilts, with bent back. It took him an hour, in fine weather, to get over the four hundred yards which separated his house from the place he was going to. Half-way he stopped to take breath, and the hostess of the Black Lion, according to a charitable tradition inaugurated the day on which he became crippled, brought him out a "Jack," a big glass of gin, which he swallowed, leaning against the wall of the inn. Arriving at last at his rock, he propped himself up against the smooth vertical side: upright, unable to sit or stoop, by dint of using a hammer with a very long handle he broke stones for mending the road. He was paid by the cubic

foot, and in the best days he earned as much as 1s. 6d. He did not beg, but accepted the gifts which pitying passers-by put into his hand. During this time his son, Pierre Jacclard, poached in the river. Quick as none other, he caught barbels and pike with his hands, drew up the lines he had laid overnight, threw dynamite cartridges in the richest pools, and lured the trout in the streams; when evening came he set traps for hares and rabbits; he had even caught deer.

The best hotels in Liège were secretly supplied by him, on occasion he knew how to secure the peasants' discretion by a brace of partridges or a thick-backed hare. As for the boys who surprised him, he gave them spankings, halfpence, or cigarettes according to their age. But, unlike his fellow-plunderers, if by chance the keepers turned up, he never resisted. When he hoped he had not been seen, he flattened himself upon the ground, tried to slip into the underwood with the swift suppleness of an adder, with the tricks of a Red Indian disappearing into the prairie grass. Otherwise he allowed himself to be taken with a good grace, giving himself up quietly.

Well on guard against any foolish movement of anger, he never once made as if to shoot, nor attempted to intimidate "authority." He took off his cap politely; he was nabbed, so much the worse! These are the disadvantages of the trade; and he submitted to them like a sensible fellow, preferring a fine and prison to the court of assizes and penal servitude. He went in for still another kind

of business: on Sundays in summer he walked as many as twenty or thirty miles to play at skittles in the village fairs; and he always came back with money, forks and spoons, and hams. He carried off all the prizes with such ease and calm that the players began to know him, and shouted out when he arrived. You should have seen him then, cordial and pleasant, joking with them, playing tricks, making faces, confusing them, entertaining the society with chatter. And all the time so merry, with such a genial and cheery manner, with his cap over one ear, shoulders and arms like a young Hercules, red lips laughing through an auburn beard, that he ended by cajoling them: he entered the game after all, and was the last to leave at nightfall, grinning, rich with spoils, and jingling his money. Strong as an ox and agile as a squirrel, he never shirked a scuffle; he fought for pleasure, delighting in it, without anger or ill-will. One day, having been on a spree with a poacher from Houdémont, and being tipsy, he said to him, "As we are such good friends, we'll fight to see who's strongest."

The other agreed, and immediately, in the inn itself, they stripped off their coats and set to. The man from Houdémont, who was looked upon as the strongest in the country, got a sound drubbing, and it took him three weeks to get over it. From that day Jacclard's reputation was made, and as he also owned a cock and two chaffinches unrivalled in the "singing competitions," this well-built and uncomfortably sly rascal began to be

regarded with deference. And so this morning his former anxieties came back to the notary; his cheerful, round, clean-shaven face, with red, hanging cheeks, clouded as he climbed the hill. He seemed to hear the poacher coming out of court, "I'll be even with yer yet, Mister Notary," and he felt a discomfort which quite spoilt the "opening" day. However, it was a splendid morning, real weather for sport, a bright sun in the pink sky of dawn promising victory to the shrewd sportsman. The heat would increase presently, but a good breeze was blowing from the east, passing in long waves and sweeping over the country with a healthy freshness. When he arrived at last on the upland with his dog and game-carrier, he spied a large field of beetroot and wanted to go in at once, certain of raising some partridges.

But while he slipped a couple of cartridges into his rifle he saw his dog suddenly sniff and seize in his mouth something grey-looking, which he could not quite see. He was certain, at once, that it was a poisoned bait, and in a voice trembling with fear he called out, "Here!" The dog was afraid of having this unlooked-for titbit torn from him, and swallowed it at one gulp. The result was instantaneous: he beat the air with his paws and rolled over on his back. Monsieur Bonchamps threw down his gun, ran up bravely and plunged his hand into the dog's mouth, trying to reach the piece of meat, which had perhaps stuck in the throat; he risked being badly bitten, for the dog's

jaws were working in convulsions. For three minutes he struggled, the notary kneeling by him, still holding the jaws open. But Bok bit him deeply in the thumb and he was obliged to let go. While the notary stood distracted at the sight of the dying dog, the game-carrier picked something from the ground, and, stammering with fear, said:

"Look, here's another of 'em. It's strychnine."

The bait he held out was made of two pieces of ham stuck together and dusted over on the inner sides with poison. Monsieur Bonchamps looked at the piece of meat, and then when he had seen it, when the truth appeared evident and palpable, he was shaken with the fury of a wild beast; he stammered, choked with a rush of blood to his head, only grasping one thing, that his 500-franc dog had been poisoned, that this dog was dying before his eyes, would be dead in ten minutes, and that the rogue guilty of this was. . . . Suddenly Jacclard's big body appeared fifty yards off on the upland. The poacher advanced cautiously, sly and defiant; his eyes full of mischief, merry and mocking. He behaved as if he had not seen the dog, and, as if he guessed nothing of the scene, said in his taunting voice:

"Well, haven't yer got any game, sir, to . . ."

Before he could end, the notary had seized his rifle, and without replying or making a sound, mad with rage, he aimed. Jangette, the game-carrier, screamed and flung himself flat upon the ground so as not to see. But the poacher awaited the blow, turned rapidly, made a great spring in

the air, and received the shot full in the back. Suddenly there was a great silence, the silence of death; the game-carrier had stopped yelling and was hiding his face in the beetroot, not daring to look. Jacclard, fallen on his face, remained immovable; the dog had done struggling; and it seemed to Monsieur Bonchamps that all of a sudden the wind had ceased to blow, the blades of grass to tremble, and the sun to shine.

He was stunned, stupefied, like a drunken man, with his rifle smoking in his hand. Only then did he realize; the revelation was appalling; he had shot at a man, bang! the blow had brought him to the earth, it had been done in a flash of lightning! and now it was irrevocable, no human power could make this thing undone. He saw himself placed between the dead dog and this man lying on his face, whose trousers were becoming covered with red spots. The frightful horror that clutched his heart developed into a mad idea of a precipitate flight, a wild rush across the fields; but seeing the man move, he went towards him, overwhelmed with horror, shaking on his legs. He said, as needing to justify this shot which made a murderer of him:

"It was you who killed my dog."

The other chuckled on the ground without even dreaming of denying it:

"Me? Your dog? Yer'll have ter prove that; when yer do, I'll kiss yer dirty——"

The notary asked again, looking at the red spots growing on the seat of the trousers:

"Are you—are you——"

"I dunno. I don't care. We shall see. All I know is, I'm hurt bad enough to have yer up for trial in court"; and gleefully, fiercely, jeering:

"Well, I said I should be even with yer yet."

GEORGES GARNIER



V

A BEAT FOR TIGER

"HERE is your post," announced Porterhouse. "If I were you I should lie on that rock, looking this way. Then you can pot him when he's past you. The *shikari* says he's bound to come this way."

"Don't you think that rock is rather low?" I ventured. "I understand that a tiger can leap twenty feet with ease."

"Don't worry. Keep quite still," went on Porterhouse in his C.O. manner, "and don't shoot till the brute's passed you, or he'll turn back and raise Cain among the beaters. Don't smoke, or he'll wind it and you won't get a shot."

"Are you going to leave me now?" I asked.

"Yes, I am taking a post farther up the line; but he's pretty certain to break here. If you hear a single shot, keep still and look out."

"And if I hear nothing do I stay here all day?"

"Wait till the beaters get through; and mind, don't fire at anything but tiger."

A few moments later I was left alone on the rock with a particularly degenerate-looking Bhil who did not understand any spoken language. The rock had been exposed to the sun and it burnt me at every point of contact. The rifle weighed a ton and I was beastly thirsty; wanted a smoke too.

I put all the clothes I could find between me

and the rock, but it was of no avail. The heat from below was even greater than that from the sun. I got up and walked about to find a cooler rock. Useless proceeding: all the rocks were white-hot.

"A rock is better than a tree," Porterhouse had declared; "your shot is not balked by leaves and twigs or by difficulty in aiming."

A faint noise in the distance announced that the beat had begun. Here was I on the ground, at the mercy of any tiger that happened to come along. I made for the nearest tree at a hand-gallop. I was two branches up before I dared look down. "Safe so far," I reflected; "that tiger will require good eyesight to see me here."

"Tigers have been known to climb trees," Porterhouse had said. Well, it would take a tiger a good time to climb up to my seat, and if he tried it I would fill him up with expanding bullets at ranges varying from three yards to one yard. He would look very silly indeed—— Help! What was that?

A rustling in the tree just above my head. The brute had climbed up the other side and was waiting to pounce on me. Now for a courageous last stand, defending myself, if necessary, with the butt of my rifle.

In my hurried ascent I had completely forgotten my rifle, which I had loaded early so as not to be caught napping. I now observed it in the distance, still leaning against the rock. I was unarmed, and that dreadful rustling continued. I took courage

and peered upwards, expecting to get a close-up of the tiger's fangs.

All I saw was a dirty brown foot waving in the air, the foot of my Bhil, who had beaten me up the tree by several yards.

I was greatly relieved and made signs to the creature to bring the rifle. After listening intently for some moments he shinned down the tree and got the rifle, which he then proceeded to pass up to me, muzzle foremost, with his hand on the stock very close to the trigger.

Dreadful sensations overpowered me. The fool was holding the thing up as high as he could reach, and I was groping as low as I could reach, all the time moving to and fro to avoid the pointing muzzle and growing more and more purple in my down-hanging face. I spoke to him pretty stiffly about his intelligence and upbringing, but he quietly persisted in drawing a bead on me.

Finally, I waved him aside and slipped down the tree. I did not breathe freely until I had grabbed the rifle and slipped out the cartridges.

At that moment a shot rang out in the distance, and the next thing I knew was that I had regained my place in the tree, still clutching the rifle. I loaded in haste.

"If you hear a shot," Porterhouse had instructed me, "that probably means that a wounded tiger is coming towards you. My shot may possibly not have been fatal."

So Porterhouse had taken a pot at it with the result that it was now seeking my life. Well,

tiger-hunting is a very fine sport, except when the tiger is doing the hunting, then it becomes something more than sport; I mean I can take a joke as well as the next man, but——

A low rustling above my head. Help! It was only that Bhil again in the gallery. I wished the tiger might mistake him for a monkey and bring him down, only in that case he could hardly fail to notice me in his ascent.

Now another rustle; on the ground this time, some way off. Of course I might have known it. The tiger had marked me down and was about to reduce me to pulp. And I had never made a will.

There was just time to do it. As you have gathered, I am a man of iron nerve. I felt quite calmly in my pockets for paper and pencil, and came, instead, upon my pipe. In a moment the surrounding jungle was filled with the smoke which I emitted in long despairing puffs.

Still the rustling continued, approaching nearer and nearer. Dash the tiger! Why didn't the stupid beast give me a wide berth? He must have lost his sense of smell. I crammed my pipe into my pocket and grabbed my rifle. I would sell my life dearly; I would reserve my rifle-fire until he came on and let him have it directly I got a close view.

I pointed my rifle, to find myself taking careful aim at Porterhouse, who was walking towards me in a curious crab-like manner. His face wore a look of strained intensity. I raised my rifle casually and pretended to be pointing at some object

in the sky. Porterhouse continued his slow-motion fox-trot right round my tree, then he looked up and saw me.

"Oh, it's you," he gasped, almost dropping his weapon in disgust.

"Why are you creeping along like that?" I inquired. "Have you lost anything?"

"Allow me to inform you," replied Porterhouse with dignity, "that I am walking-up the tiger. I shot at the brute, and I expect I wounded him. Here are his pugs; didn't you see him?"

"I—er—in point of fact I didn't actually *see* him."

"Good heavens, you've been smoking."

"Well," I expostulated, "the tiger—I mean the brute—seems to have liked smoke. See how he circled my tree."

"But he's wounded," shrieked Porterhouse, as though wounded people didn't like smoke.

"Let's have a drink before we do anything else," I suggested; "beating for tiger is thirsty work."

Porterhouse yielded. "All right; we can wait a few minutes. Give time for his wound to stiffen." We parked our arsenal and sat down, grasping long tumblers. Then, just as we were in our first gulp, a yellow shape walked slowly into view, yawned and disappeared into the jungle.

E. P. WHITE, *Punch*

## VI

### THE GRIDIRON

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and, perhaps more than all, long and faithful service, had established a right of loquacity.

He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right.

If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth you won't, sir"; and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the subject-matter in hand, he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some extravaganza of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus:

"By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice paid to himself)—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise. "Was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plase your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues mine host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet. "Really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit North Amerikay, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a bogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, decoyed

into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen Dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board at last, and the pumps was choaked (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with water is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever. Accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little mathers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen Dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket at the ind av a pole as well we could, and thin we sailed illigant, for we dar'n't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swallyed alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae



and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim.

“And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth that was gone first of all—God help uz!—and, oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. ‘Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlin,’ says I, ‘I wish we could see land anywhere,’ says I.

“‘More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,’ says he, ‘for sitch a good wish, and, throth, it’s myself wishes the same.’

“‘Oh,’ says I, ‘that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven—supposing it was only a dissolute island,’ says I, ‘inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn’t be such bad Chrishtans as to refuze uz a bit and a sup.’

“‘Whisht, whisht, Paddy,’ says the captain; ‘don’t be talkin’ bad of anyone,’ says he; ‘you don’t know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th’ other world all of a suddent,’ says he.

“‘Thrue for you, captain, darlint,’ says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—‘thrue for you, captain, jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite’—and, throth, that was only thruth.

"Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and, by gor, the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl'd. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal.

"But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to lee-ward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land, says I. So he ups with his bring-'um-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurrah!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain, darling,' says I.

"'Oh, no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I; 'maybe it id be in Roosia or Proosia, or the German Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he, for he had that con-saited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor anyone else—'tut, you fool,' says he; 'that's France,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? And how do you know it's France it is, captain, dear,' says I.

“‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

“‘Throth, I was thinkin’ so myself,’ says I, ‘by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o’ that same’; and, throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o’ God, never will.

“‘Well, with that my heart begun to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, ‘Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.’

“‘Why, then,’ says he, ‘thundher and turf,’ says he, ‘what put a gridiron into your head?’

“‘Bekase I’m starvin’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“‘And sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t ate a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you wor a pelican o’ the wildherness,’ says he.

“‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I. ‘Och, in throth, I’m not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-steak,’ says I.

“‘Arrah! but where’s the beefsteak?’ says he.

“‘Sure, couldn’t we cut a slice aff the pork?’ says I.

“‘By gor, I never thought o’ that,’ says the captain. ‘You’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says he, laughin’.

“‘Oh, there’s many a thrue word said in joke,’ says I.

“‘Thrue for you, Paddy,’ says he.

“‘Well, then,’ says I, ‘if you put me ashore there beyant’ (for we were nearin’ the land all the

time), 'and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he. 'You gom-moch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'"

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I; and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the German Ocean.

"'Lave off your humbuggin', says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"'Parly-voo frongsay?' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he. 'Why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain. 'And do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'Parly-voo frongsay?' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world

knows Banagher bangs the devil. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he. 'Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So, with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrieved to scramble an, one way or the other, towards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timpting like.

"'By the powdherers o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convainent. And so I wint up to the dure, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of

wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'Indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all, at all; and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'Parly-voo frongsay?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

“‘Then would you lind me the loan of a grid-iron,’ says I, ‘if you plase?’

“‘Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so, says I, making a bow and scrape agin, ‘I know it’s a liberty I take, sir,’ says I, ‘but it’s only in regard of bein’ cast away, and if you plase, sir,’ says I, ‘Parly-voo frongsay?’

“‘We, munseer,’ says he, mighty sharp.

“‘Then would you lind me the loan of a grid-iron?’ says I, ‘and you’ll obleege me.’

“Well, sir, the old chap begun to munseer me, but the devil a bit of a gridiron he’d gi’ me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and, throth, my blood began to rise, and says I, ‘By my sowl, if it was you in disthress,’ says I, ‘and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it’s not only the gridiron they’d give you if you ax’d it, but something to put an it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain, and cead mille failte.’

“Well, the words cead mille failte seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I’d give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—‘Parly-voo-frongsay, munseer?’

“‘We, munseer,’ says he.

“‘Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and bad scrán to you.’

“Well, bad win’ to the bit of it he’d gi’ me, and

the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo!—the devil sweep yourself and tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all, at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I—'Parly-voo frongsay?'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country, it's not that-away they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you ould sinner,' says I; 'the divil a longer I'll darken your dure.'

"So he seen I was vexed, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christhan at all, at all?—are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you; do you undherstand your own language?—Parly-voo frongsay?' says I.

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then, thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'The curse o' the hungry on you, you owld negardly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you;



that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, and kem away—and in troth it's often since that I thought that it was remarkable."

SAMUEL LOVER

## VII

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY

KING ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great courage and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient that he did not choose to bend his knee to heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about him, during the gravest services of the church.

One day, while he was present at vespers, his attention was excited by some words in the *Magnificat*, in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choristers' voices. Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning; and being told that the words meant "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble," he observed that men like himself were not so easily put down, much less supplanted by poor creatures whom people called "humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his Majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "sitter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great fly droning in his ear, woke up in more than his usual

state of impatience; and he was preparing to vent it, when to his astonishment he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone, excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions.

He addressed her to no purpose. He spoke louder and louder, and was proceeding, as well as rage and amaze would let him, to try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, suddenly catching a sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffling away, closed the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap, the very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the King, turning white from shame and rage. "Here is conspiracy—open rebellion! Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What ho, there! Open the door! Open the door for the King!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The King said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the King's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the King said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another gibe at his prisoner.

"I see you there," said he, "by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap."

The only answer King Robert made was to

dash his enormous foot against the door and burst it open. The sexton, who felt as if a horse had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the King, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "What do *you* want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the King, pushing back the door with the same gigantic foot.

"Seize him!" cried the porter.

"On your lives!" cried the King. "Look at me, fellow! Who am I?"

"A madman and a fool; that's what you are!" cried the porter. "Hold him fast!"

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who had just been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the King, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Your rebels pretend not even to know me! Go before me, sir, to my rooms!" And as he spoke, the King shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onward.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the King to stop him; and then, looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said in a very mincing tone, "Some madman!"

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hands, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.*

"Here is witchcraft!" exclaimed King Robert. "I am changed." And, for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained.

"Bring him in—bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments. "The King wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter, he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The Court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before; for the King, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling, at present, that he never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half-way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had smitten him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared it, for he was of great courage.

It was an Angel. But the Angel was not going to disclose himself, yet, not for a long time.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptred, and be my fool. Fetch the cap and bauble, and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit.

While the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with

the bauble-sceptre, he was racking his brain for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all, next to the shaving, was to observe that those who had flattered him most when a king, were the loudest in their contempt, now that he was the Court fool.

At length the King ordered the fool to be taken away, in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupefied; but he found himself hungry against his will, and gnawed the bones which had been cast away by his nobles.

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and, without the power to resent it, subjected to every indignity which his former favourites could heap on him. For the new monarch seemed unjust to him only. He had all the humiliations, without any of the privileges, of the cap and bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of.

All the notice the King took of him consisted in his asking, now and then, in full Court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but a signal for a roar of laughter, he converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude; till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he adopted a manner which induced the Angel for some time to let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert

blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered King; for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was reasonable. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the King went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them, and wondered. And thus, for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen, and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years, or nearly so, the King announced his intention of paying a visit to his brother the Pope and his brother the Emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, all clad in the most magnificent garments, but the fool, who was arrayed in fox-tails, and put side by side with an ape dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the King's face, and to bless it; the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign.

The fool, bewildered, came after the Court pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter; though some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch so kind to all the rest of the world should be so hard upon a sorry

fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most insolent of men towards the Prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot upon the island.

The fool had still a hope that, when His Holiness saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end. The good man, however, beheld him without the least recognition; so did the Emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self, and not with the old faces of pretended goodwill and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility for the first time fell gently upon him.

Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might shroud himself under his very shadow, partly from a feeling of sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.

It happened that day, that it was the same day on which, two years before, Robert had scorned the words in the *Magnificat*. Vespers were performed before the sovereigns; the music and soft voices fell softer as they came to the words; and Robert again heard, with far different feelings, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the Court, the late brutal fool was seen with his hands clasped



upon his bosom in prayer, and the water pouring down his face in floods of penitence.

Holier feelings than usual had pervaded all hearts that day. The King's favourite chaplain had preached from the text which declares charity to be greater than faith or hope. The Emperor began to think mankind really his brothers. His Holiness wished that some new council of the Church would authorize him to set up, above the Ten Commandments, and in more glorious letters, the new, *eleventh*, or great Christian commandment, "Behold, I give unto you a *new* commandment, *Love one another*." In short, Rome felt that day like angel-governed Sicily.

When the service was over, the unknown King Robert's behaviour was reported to the unsuspected King-Angel, who had seen it, but said nothing. The Angel sent for him, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's-cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange, great Unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. He had the ape by the hand, who had long courted his goodwill, and who, having now obtained it, clung to his human friend in a way that, to a Roman, might have seemed ridiculous, but to the Angel was affecting.

"Art thou still a king?" said the Angel, putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the Angel in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt an inexpressible calm suddenly diffuse itself over his being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," interrupted the Angel, in a grave but sweet voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the Angel prayed, and after a few moments the King looked up, and the Angel was gone; and then the King knew that it was an Angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and after a blessed reign, he died, disclosing this history to his weeping nobles, and requesting that it might be recorded in the Sicilian Annals.

LEIGH HUNT, *Stories from the Italian Poets*

## VIII

### CON CREGAN'S LEGACY

WHEN we shall have become better acquainted, my worthy reader, there will be little necessity for my insisting upon a fact which, at this early stage of our intimacy, I deem it requisite to mention; namely, that my native modesty and bashfulness are only second to my veracity, and that while the latter quality in a manner compels me to lay an occasional stress upon my own goodness of heart, generosity, candour, and so forth, I have, notwithstanding, never introduced the subject without a pang—such a pang as only a sensitive and diffident nature can suffer or comprehend; there now, not another word of preface or apology!

I was born in a little cabin on the borders of Meath and King's County; it stood on a small triangular bit of ground, beside a cross-roads; and although the place was surveyed every ten years or so, they were never able to say to which county we belonged, there being just the same number of arguments for one side as for the other—a circumstance, many believed, that decided my father in his original choice of the residence; for while, under the "disputed boundary question," he paid no rates or county cess, he always made a point of voting at both county elections! This may seem to indicate that my parent was of a naturally acute habit; and indeed the way he became possessed of the bit of ground will confirm that impression.

There was nobody of the rank of gentry in the parish, nor even squireen; the richest being a farmer, a snug old fellow, one Henry M'Cabe, that had two sons, who were always fighting between themselves which was to have the old man's money. Peter, the elder, doing everything to injure Mat, and Mat never backward in paying off the obligation. At last Mat, tired out in the struggle, resolved he would bear no more. He took leave of his father one night, and next day set off for Dublin, and "listed in the 'Buff's.'" Three weeks after, he sailed for India; and the old man, overwhelmed by grief, took to his bed, and never arose from it after.

Not that his death was any way sudden, for he lingered on for months longer; Peter always teasing him to make his will, and be revenged on "the dirty spalpeen" that disgraced the family; but old Harry as stoutly resisting, and declaring that whatever he owned should be fairly divided between them.

These disputes between them were well known in the neighbourhood. Few of the country people passing the house at night but had overheard the old man's weak reedy voice, and Peter's deep hoarse one, in altercation. When, at last—it was on a Sunday night—all was still and quiet in the house, not a word, not a footstep, could be heard, no more than if it were uninhabited, the neighbours looked knowingly at each other, and wondered if the old man were worse—if he were dead!

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened. It was repeated still louder, and then came a cry, "Con Cregan; Con, I say, open the door! I want you." I knew the voice well; it was Peter M'Cabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say, "Oh, Mr Peter, what's the matter? Is the ould man worse?"

"Faix that's what he is! For he's dead!"

"Glory be his bed! When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I from my corner could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an ould haythen, Con, and never made a will!"

"That's bad," says my father, for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter; "but it would be worse if we couldn't help it. Listen to me now, Corny, I want ye to help me in this business; and here's five guineas in goold, if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father; for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is, for ye to come over to the house, and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbours, and Billy Scanlan the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, laving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand. And as the neighbours will see ye, and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but that it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will, but have no fear! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarrelled with him last week about the Easter dues; and Father Tom said he'd not give him the 'rites'; and that's lucky now! Come along now, quick, for we've no time to lose: it must be all finished before the day breaks."

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat round him, and slipping on his brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in a costume as light as my parent's, set out after them, to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog hole, and only escaped being drowned by a

chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceedings. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it a table, with physic bottles, and spoons, and teacups; a little farther off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him. The country people sat two, sometimes three, deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky—which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob—the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back: these, I repeat it, were all so real, that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low faint cough, from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then in a silence where the buzzing

of a fly would have been heard, my father said, "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, Father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the 'rites'!"

A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha, musha," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbours and all mankind!"

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter—and never was there a better son, or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son, Peter, the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field, with the limekiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it. "Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember, at the limekiln; I



leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you gettin' wake, Father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you watered the drink!"

"No, indeed, Father; but it's the taste is laving you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father: "there's only one little plot of ground remaining; and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbours listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Father. We're all minding!" chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross-roads to poor Con Cregan; for he has a very heavy charge, and is as honest and as hardworking a man as ever I knew. Be a friend

to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself; think of me on my death-bed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan, and his heirs *in secla seclorum*. Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he; "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns——"

What he was going to add, there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner: "Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross?"

"Of course it was, Peter," says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that: won't I make the neighbours laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it!"

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke"; and here he gave a low wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; ye're a deep fellow,

that's all!" and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

'And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

CHARLES LEVER

## IX

### THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-Bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father,

and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next to it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo

heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, Father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its

flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the

facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

CHARLES LAMB, *The Essays of Elia*



X

THE EXPERIMENT

MACPHERSON, the famous master of experimental physiology, tall, upright, his hands in his pockets, and his back to the fireplace in his study, leaned towards his listeners, Jeffries, the anatomist, and Moffat, the biologist, both men of world-wide fame; his face, powerfully moulded and clean-shaven under his short, white hair, was bent on them in fierce resolution.

"I took the liberty of calling you here this evening," he said, in a level voice that dwelt on each word, "to show you a dangerous and astonishing experiment which I am afraid to carry out alone. An ordinary man would not have the courage to undertake it. But the results may be so important for the whole human race that I cannot hesitate. Will you come into the laboratory?"

They followed him, silent and disquietened. They were friends of his—if he could be said to have any friends—and Macpherson had, that afternoon, mysteriously invited them to come at ten o'clock, and this in so abrupt and masterful a way that they had left everything in order to keep the appointment. His singular and daring genius always disconcerted them a little, and his lack of scruple in his experiments had already provoked some violent protestations and almost scandals. His preliminary speech now promised something very exceptional.

In the vast, closed laboratory, the high electric lamps poured down a harsh, white radiance. There, amid all the new, strange, scientific apparatus which was now familiar to them, the two men of science saw with astonishment an inexplicable bath. It had just been filled with hot water, for steam was rising from it. On one side, on a stool, sat a man clad only in a loose shirt and canvas trousers. He was livid, his shoulders trembled, and two pairs of handcuffs bound his wrists and ankles.

Towering above him, in a watchful attitude, was a young athletic negro, a servant of Macpherson's, who had been with him for years, and worshipped him with a dog's devotion.

"This man," said Macpherson to his visitors, "whom you see sitting here, tried yesterday in the street to murder me in order to rob me. Look at what he did."

He opened his waistcoat and shirt, revealing a long, deep wound over his left lung.

"But I caught him a blow under the chin, and knocked him out; sent him to sleep, as prize-fighters say. It happened just near my door, and I got my servant to bring the man indoors. I find he is Wilson, the notorious murderer. He has been practically condemned to death at two or three inquests, but the police have never been able to put their hands on him. Isn't it my plain duty to deliver him up and get him hanged?"

His words fell on a strange, heavy silence. The handcuffed man shuddered. Macpherson went on:

"But I have another idea. You know the applications I have made to the authorities for all condemned persons to be handed over to us for experiments in the cause of humanity. But there is so much silly prejudice that I have only discredited myself and my work by urging this most necessary reform. Well, now that chance has given me the power of life and death over Wilson, I have made a bargain with him. I won't give him up to the police, I will forgive the attack on me, and I will set him free and give him a thousand pounds, and arrange a free passage to any colony he may choose, if he will submit to a single experiment which, in all probability, will not end fatally."

"Whatever do you mean to do?" exclaimed Jeffries.

"I have discovered a serum," said Macpherson, "which I firmly believe can wholly take the place of human blood. It is, in fact, an artificial blood, possessing, I hope, vital qualities superior to those of natural blood. I say I hope, because I can't be sure until I have made a complete and definite experiment. This is where Wilson comes in. I shall open a vein in his arm in this bath. When his body is entirely bloodless, when, in fact, *he has been dead for several minutes*, I will inject my serum. It will, I feel certain, replace all the blood he has lost, and provoke the proper functioning of all his organs."

"What a revolution in medicine—if you are right!" said Moffat.

"Yes. If I am right," said Macpherson, "I may absolutely resuscitate Wilson. Of course, in every first experiment there are more chances against a successful result than there are chances for it. But there is a chance of success. I am positively sure of my discovery. So I have proposed to this man, already marked for the scaffold and the rope, that he should take this chance, and be born again, perhaps to a new life won through a pleasant, painless death. Wilson will tell you he accepts my conditions."

The chained man made an effort to swallow the saliva in his mouth.

"Yes," he said at last, in a thick voice. "I accept them."

"But it is impossible, Macpherson!" cried Moffat. "I will take no part in it. You are either going to murder this man, or else let loose again on society the most dangerous criminal of our time."

"If I come out of it all right"—the eyes of Wilson lighted up with wild energy—"if I come out of it all right, governor. . . . Ah, heavens! I'll go to Canada or Australia, and live as straight as a die!"

"I believe him," said Macpherson. "After what he is about to undergo, he'll fear death too much ever to risk his neck again. As for my responsibility. . . . I don't suppose Scotland Yard will worry over the disappearance of John Wilson. So there remains only, my dear Moffat, a case of conscience. Will you see the thing through, or go?"

There was a few moments of silence. Moffat grew pale.

"I'll see it through," he said at last. "After all, he only risks a quiet, pleasant death instead of a horrible execution in prison."

"And you?" said Macpherson to the anatomist.

"Of course I'll stay," said Jeffries. "If you have discovered the serum. . . . What a gain for the whole human race! It ought to encourage you, Wilson."

"When you are where I am, you only think of yourself," said the man, in a dull voice. "But I've a chance. . . . And there's breakfast in prison, hangman, bandage, and the drop." He shuddered. "No. Give me the bath!"

When the man, his hands untied, was lying in the bath, held down by the grip of the colossal negro, Macpherson came to him, raised his right arm, bent it, and rolled up the shirt-sleeve.

"You are still willing?" asked the physiologist. "You will not try to get away when the experiment is begun? You won't be able to then, I assure you."

"Go on with it," said the man. He closed his eyes, his teeth chattered. Macpherson leant over, a lancet in his fingers. The patient gave a slight jump, and a little red stream ran down his elbow; but Macpherson had already placed it in the warm water.

"You know what will happen, my friends?" he said to Moffat and Jeffries. "The pulse will grow quicker, the arterial tension will diminish, the

patient will have fits of giddiness, a keen thirst, and then syncope will follow."

He stopped speaking. With his thumb on the right wrist of the man, who was now breathing heavily, he measured the pulse. Then by means of an instrument with a tube and dial he registered the arterial tension. A strange excitement came over the two assistants, in spite of their professional experience. The negro, upright and watchful, was like a machine of obedience. Macpherson remained calm. As for the patient, stretched out in the bath, he did not pant any more now. With pressed lips and eyes closed he seemed dead already. And the water grew redder and redder.

"The pulse is quickening, and the pressure diminishing," said Macpherson.

"I am thirsty!" cried Wilson suddenly, in a broken voice.

His lips were moistened, and a little while after he groaned twice. Slowly the minutes passed, slowly and terribly.

"I can't feel the pulse," said Macpherson. "The pressure is lowered. The end is near now."

"I feel . . . so . . . giddy," stammered a horrible voice.

The man opened his eyes—large, dilated—and they stared from his waxen face without seeing.

"Take me out!" he cried suddenly, making a feeble movement. "I won't . . . won't. . . ."

"Syncope," murmured Macpherson. "It's the end."

"No! No!" The man's throat rattled as he

tried to speak. He gave a desperate effort as though to escape, but he could hardly lift himself up in a convulsive, shuddering leap. The negro held on his shoulders, with his great black hands. Wilson fell back in the red water, and his livid head tumbled on one side, lifeless.

"Syncope," said Macpherson. "He has bled to death."

Jeffries ran to the bath.

"It's all over," he exclaimed. "Now let us take him out of the water, wait five minutes, and inject the serum. The poor devil! He was plucky, all the same, and I should like to see him pull through. What a splendid thing it will be for you, Macpherson, if the experiment comes off!"

The physiologist smiled strangely.

"The experiment has come off," he said.

The two men of science stared at him.

"Yes," continued Macpherson. "I have not told you the truth. The experiment I have just made isn't what I promised to do. All we have carried out is a study in auto-suggestion. . . ."

"Auto-suggestion?" said Jeffries.

"Yes. Your meeting in this laboratory, this bath, my lancet, my talk were merely a fake to impress the patient. I wished to make an experiment in nervous impressionability, so to speak. This man has not been bled. He only thought he was, as you too thought."

The physiologist raised the reddened left arm of the subject, and wiped it, and held it up in the glare of the electric light.

"You see, there is no trace of bleeding. I only just scratched it with the tip of the lancet, and broke on the spot a pipette of warm red water. A simple apparatus fixed to the bath gradually tinged the water there. I dictated to the subject the feelings of being bled to death, and he reproduced these impressions, one by one, according to the indications given in my words, up to the profound swoon in which he now lies. It is a very curious experiment."

"It is more complete than you think!" cried Jeffries the anatomist, who had stooped and examined the subject. "The man is really dead."

"Well, it was only a condemned murderer," said Macpherson.

But, all the same, he grew somewhat pale.

FREDERIC BOUTET



## XI

### THE MUSGRAVIUS MONOPOLY

MINERALOGY has come to be considered the freehold of the Musgravius family.

Georges Musgravius, founder of the dynasty, has occupied for the past thirty years the chair founded for him at the French Academy. His eldest son, Jean Musgravius, is professor of mineralogy at the Museum. His second son, Henri Musgravius, lectures on mineralogy at the Normal School. One son-in-law, Pierre Donon, is professor of mineralogy at the Sorbonne, while another son-in-law, Charles Bonniguet, like all the other members of the family, teaches mineralogy, but holds a less important position, being only a lecturer in the Faculty of Toulouse.

The fact that her second daughter was thus condemned to live in the provinces was Madame Musgravius's keenest sorrow. It was a great grief and privation imposed upon her that she was able to see this one of her children only three times a year—on New Year's Day, at Easter, and for a short time during the summer vacation. For this reason, when it became known that a new chair was to be founded at the Sorbonne for lectures on mineralogy, Madame Musgravius at once thought that this place should by right be given to Charles Bonniguet. With this idea in view she arrayed her husband in his best frock-coat, tied a smart white bow under his chin, and, giving him

elaborate instructions for the interview, sent him to the minister to ask him to confer the position upon their son-in-law.

The minister had been expecting the visit for some days, and had prepared in advance the arguments by which he intended to refuse to grant the petition of the old scholar. He happened to have a candidate of his own of whom he thought very highly, a young man of great merits and promising future, and he resolved that he would force this young man upon the Musgravius monopoly.

The minister felt nervous, and prepared himself irritably for a scene when the door of his room opened and Musgravius entered. He addressed him in an abrupt tone which quite startled the professor.

"I am charmed to see you, my dear sir, and, as your visits are rare, I suppose you have something to ask of me."

"You have guessed correctly, Monsieur; I have been informed that you have decided to endow the Sorbonne with a new course of lectures on mineralogy."

"I have decided? *I* decided!—pardon me, but you seem to credit me with unlimited power. The Sorbonne demands a new course of lectures; the Superior Council is favourable; I simply agree."

"You are no doubt too modest, Monsieur, but the important fact remains that the course of lectures has been decided on."

"Have you a candidate to propose?"

"Precisely, Monsieur; Charles Bonniguet, a young man of great merit."

"Your son-in-law?"

"Yes, my son-in-law."

"Well, I will not deny that I have heard of the young man, but I do not wish to encourage false hopes, Monsieur Musgravius. This nomination is impossible, absolutely impossible!"

"What do you say, Monsieur? Has anyone tried to injure Charles in your opinion?"

"No; no one has tried to injure him."

"He is a most distinguished candidate. His studies on cretaceous soils have even received notice from the Academy of Sciences."

"I do not dispute his merit."

"What, then?"

"You have the right to ask me to be candid with you, Monsieur Musgravius. If we do not appoint Monsieur Bonniguet to the Sorbonne, it is not because we consider him in any way incapable of filling the position. No, our motive is more serious than that."

"What is your motive, then?"

"Shall I tell you? It is because he is your son-in-law."

"Because he is my son-in-law?"

"Because you, your sons, and your sons-in-law occupy every chair of mineralogy in Paris. You are creating a dynasty!"

"Well, there are other examples, Monsieur."

"I do not wish to know them. I am the sworn

enemy of nepotism. I have promised to fight it whenever I encounter it."

"The sentiment does you honour, Monsieur, but at the same time you commit an act of injustice and, pretending to war against nepotism, appoint an undeserving candidate."

"An undeserving candidate! Is it true then, as people frequently say, that you imagine it is only in your family that mineralogists are to be found?"

"I make no such claim. Charles was my pupil before entering my family."

"Ah, on that subject you may set your mind at rest, for the young man whom I am going to appoint has also been your pupil. I may as well cut the matter short by telling you his name at once to avoid further arguments. It is Paul Granjean, who is at present a private tutor at the Normal School."

"Paul Granjean?"

"Yes. If I am not mistaken he has just written a brilliant thesis?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"The report I have received concerning him is excellent."

"He is very young."

"So much the better; he will have so much more time before him in which to aid French education. Now, you must admit, Monsieur Musgravius, that in default of your son-in-law, my choice is a good one."

"Ah, it will be a blow to my wife!"

"No one regrets that more than I do, but at the

same time I cannot make appointments just to please Madame Musgravius."

"But we counted on that course of lectures! Charles has a right to it. I submit, since you tell me it is impossible; but don't you think that you owe us some compensation?"

"Is he an officer of the Academy?"

"He has been at Toulouse for the last six years; he has the degree of doctor, is thirty-five years old and is still only a tutor. Couldn't you make him a professor? There is no chair of mineralogy at Toulouse. Found one! You do not want me to go back to my wife and tell her that I have obtained nothing, absolutely nothing. Really this much is due me!"

"I see that you are philosophical, Monsieur Musgravius, and I promise you I will do all I can."

"All you can! That is rather vague."

"I must consult with the Faculty, the Superior Council."

"Ah, if you really did wish it, Monsieur!"

"Of course I wish it. Well, you may count on me."

"The affair is settled, then. May I say so to my wife?"

"Yes, I promise that you may count on me, and Monsieur Bonniguet will be appointed professor."

The minister rose, as a sign that the interview was terminated. He congratulated himself on his victory, but was somewhat surprised at having met with so little opposition from Monsieur

Musgravius. Holding out his hand to the old scholar, he said:

"You are not angry, Monsieur Musgravius?"

"No, I am not angry, Monsieur. Your choice is, after all, very suitable. My wife can console herself. Paul Granjean is affianced to our third daughter."

PAUL CLESIO

## XII

### THE VISION OF MIRZA

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the top of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever

heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The



valley that thou seest is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.' 'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they

fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up,

'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infect human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain. How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the general generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little

shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on the beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think

not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

JOSEPH ADDISON, *The Spectator*

### XIII

#### THE PLAGUE

I WENT all the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge, it was about forty feet in length, and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and, at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said that they dug it near twenty feet deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water; for they had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet, when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel.

I say they had dug several pits in another ground, when the distemper began to spread in our parish, and especially when the dead-carts began to go about, which was not, in our parish, till the beginning of August. Into these pits they had put perhaps fifty or sixty bodies each; then they made larger holes, wherein they buried all that the cart brought in a week, which, by the middle to the end of August, came to from 200 to 400 a week; and they could not well dig them larger, because of the order of the magistrates

confining them to leave no bodies within six feet of the surface; and the water coming on at about seventeen or eighteen feet, they could not well, I say, put more in one pit. But now, at the beginning of September, the plague raging in a dreadful manner, and the number of burials in our parish increasing to more than was ever buried in any parish about London of no larger extent, they ordered this dreadful gulf to be dug, for such it was rather than a pit. . . .

It was about the 10th of September that my curiosity led, or rather drove, me to go and see this pit again, when there had been near 400 people buried in it; and I was not content to see it in the daytime, as I had done before, for then there would have been nothing to see but the loose earth, for all the bodies that were thrown in were immediately covered with earth by those they called the buriers, which at other times were called bearers; but I resolved to go in the night and see some of them thrown in.

There was a strict order to prevent people coming to those pits, and that was only to prevent infection; but after some time that order was more necessary, for people that were infected, and near their end, and delirious also, would run to those pits, wrapped in blankets or rugs, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves. I cannot say that the officers suffered any willingly to lie there; but I have heard that in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, it lying open then to the field, for it was not then walled

about, some came and threw themselves in, and expired there, before they threw any earth upon them; and that when they came to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold.

This may serve a little to describe the dreadful condition of that day, though it is impossible to say anything that is able to give a true idea of it to those who did not see it, other than this, that it was indeed very, very dreadful, and such as no tongue can express.

DANIEL DEFOE, *A Journal of the Plague Year*



## XIV

### A QUIET RAMBLE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighbouring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's-heads and other

funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendour. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to extract homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be

obliterated and the monument will cease to be a memorial.

Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with vaults of the cloister. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking theme for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity of vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and

immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages.

Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure.

Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Sketch-book*

XV

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers

might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was towards the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell you of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the Prince's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose colour varied in accordance with the

prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the colour of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood-colour. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered



that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the time that flies) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the Prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colours and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani*. There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die

away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-coloured panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd

who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumour of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth, the masquerade licence of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the Prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad

brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as

if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpselike mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the

Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

E. A. POE, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*

## XVI

### TOWN-PLANNING THE CITY

MR E. E. FINCH, on the first day of his retirement from the position of City Engineer, read a paper on the town-planning of the City of London, which was based on the exhaustive survey made into existing conditions in order that the draft scheme now in preparation might be undertaken.

Dealing first with the road problem, he said the difficulty of handling a vast and growing volume of traffic, which appeared to beset the City, might be partly due to an inaccurate analysis of the true functions of its streets. Traditionally and actually it was a trading centre, the essential purpose of its streets being to carry goods to and from the business houses and markets, and to provide footways for the localized circulation of large numbers of pedestrians. Facilities for access into it were essential to the City's life, but not for passing through. Much of the criticism of the inadequacy of the City's streets arose from the lack of rapid through roads, the further provision of which might be more destructive and disintegrating than a contribution to the activities of the area. Hence the solution of the traffic problems of the City might lie in fostering the provision of ways to circumvent the City, while not neglecting to improve internal circulation for the purposes for which it was required.

Discussing surface utilization, he pointed out



that the City was by no means static. With the increase in the size of shipping and the impediment to navigation of bridges, together with the congestion of streets on the land approaches to the river, the importance of the riverside wharves had decreased, and in the future the waterfront might offer potentialities for development which had so far been neglected.

Changes in the method of business during the present century had caused a slow decline in the number of warehouses and a tendency for office buildings to replace them. The City had long since been superseded as a national retail shopping centre, and it was difficult to foresee any increase in this trade. The markets were embarrassed on all sides by activities and interests on which they were not dependent, and which did not directly or locally depend on them. Their situation, progress, and possible extension were essentially matters of town-planning importance.

To provide accommodation for the growing day population, buildings were constantly being rebuilt and enlarged. With the exception of historic buildings and churches, there were few buildings more than 80 years old, and the property which had been rebuilt since 1905 formed 42 per cent. of the rateable value. During the last quarter of a century there had been a decline in the number of small firms and a corresponding increase in the number of large companies. Consequently there was a tendency in certain cases for redevelopment to take the form of the demolition of a number of

small premises, used for a variety of enterprises, and their replacement by one large building used exclusively for the business of one company. Nevertheless the City was still remarkable for the number of comparatively small concerns that carried on a thriving business, and generally, the sites, even when several small existing buildings were replaced by one large one, were smaller than in other parts of London.

The high value of land in the City, as well as resulting in a rapid rate of redevelopment, led to a constant increase in the height of new buildings. Yet the general height was much less than might be expected from a cursory view of the main streets. Comparatively few buildings exceeded 70 feet in height, and there were many buildings less than 35 feet high; but as most of the side streets were very narrow, and as the sites were so closely built up at the back, too often the existing light and air were inadequate and the traffic on the streets had become unduly congested. The control of height and angular limits was therefore a matter of great importance.

It had been suggested that in those parts of the City which adjoined the boundaries of the neighbouring metropolitan boroughs, where the London County Council was the town-planning authority, the limitations of height should be similar to those which were being proposed for the London County Council's scheme, so that the basis should be angular limits drawn from the opposite side of the street at an angle of 56 degrees, no building being

allowed a sheer height of more than 80 feet and a maximum height of more than 100 feet. In the central business area, however, property values were so high and existing light angles so steep that it would appear to be impracticable to make developers keep within an angle of 56 degrees, and the suggestion was therefore that the angle there should be increased to  $63\frac{1}{2}$  degrees.

Apart from the general problem of securing adequate light and air about new buildings, the limitation of height was necessary over part of the City to preserve the architectural domination and distinction of St Paul's Cathedral. Mr W. Godfrey Allen, surveyor to the fabric, had prepared plans for the area, and it was suggested that the town-planning scheme should provide for maximum heights in accordance with those plans. In most cases they would allow of a reasonable increase of existing heights, and it was hoped that the Minister of Health would approve the measure on the same basis as the height control in the other parts of the city, in order that it might be possible to preserve the view of the dome of St Paul's as a feature of the skyline.

As the core of the capital through many centuries, the City had become richly endowed with buildings of great beauty, within and about whose walls many historic events had taken place. A large number were examples of architecture that had set the keynote to a whole period of building, and might by virtue of their age have outlived their purpose; but they were to-day actually

forming the background to local and national life as suitably and effectively as at the time they were erected. Under the 1932 Act it would be possible to ensure the preservation of these buildings and to control the elevations of new buildings on adjoining sites.

*The Times*

## XVII

### FUEL AND DEFENCE

THE presidential address delivered by Sir Philip Dawson to the Institute of Fuel on Thursday concluded with the suggestion that a new permanent council should be set up to advise the Government upon the proper lines of a national fuel policy. This conclusion, which included the advocacy of a great increase in the extraction of oil from coal, should be read in conjunction with the resolution passed upon this subject by the Conservative Conference last week. Though Sir Philip Dawson treated the fuel question purely from the economic standpoint, the conference reached much the same conclusions from a consideration of the requirements of national defence, and it is this aspect of the matter which at the moment makes the methods and the objects recommended worthy of increased public attention. It will be readily agreed that the continuous and easy availability of fuel supplies in time of emergency is an essential requirement of efficient national defence, and therefore that an essential duty of the Government is to see that this requirement is satisfied. But there may well be some difference of opinion upon how it ought to be satisfied, and no balanced decision can be reached without some account of what has already been done and without removing some prevalent misconceptions.

One such misconception may even arise from the assertion, upon which Sir Philip Dawson rested much of his case, that proven petroleum deposits are estimated to last for a much shorter period than coal deposits. In an academic sense that is true, inasmuch as a Royal Commission in 1871 put the life of then known coal deposits at 1,273 years. But the life of now known petroleum deposits could well be very much shorter than this without exciting alarm over an approaching scarcity of the product; and in fact about 80 per cent. of the petroleum in existing fields is at present left underground because it is somewhat, but not immeasurably, more expensive to extract than the other 20 per cent. It is beyond doubt that as time goes on more scientific methods will lead both to further discoveries and to better extraction. Moreover, without prejudice to the wisdom of a long-term policy of substituting derived for natural petroleum, it must be realized that no considerable substitution of this kind could take place within the time set by the Government for the completion of the rest of their present scheme of national defence. Last year the home-produced proportion of all the oil consumed in this country was under 7 per cent. The problem before the Government is to make available rather more than ten million tons of petrol and oil annually. This is only the present rate of consumption. In time of war requirements would certainly be greater, and it is on record that consumption was trebled between 1913 and 1918. It

is only fair to point out that if no part of the problem has been fully solved, no part has been neglected. For example, the production of oil from coal is now being examined by a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and is meanwhile being actively encouraged under the Hydrocarbon Oils Act of 1934, which gives a variable preference to home-produced oils. At the present rate of preference, this encouragement will last until October, 1939. This Act, has completely revived the Scottish shale industry, which has already regained the 1929 level of output and is organizing a further increase through improved methods of extraction. The Act has also encouraged Imperial Chemical Industries to complete its hydrogenation plant at Billingham, and in 1936 over one-third of the total home-produced motor-spirit was produced by this method. The serious loss of revenue involved shows the willingness of the Government to help useful enterprises of this kind. Again, under the Petroleum Production Act of the same year, the Government encouraged drilling for crude oil. Licences to drill covering 11,350 square miles have been issued and eleven wells have been sunk, of which five have been abandoned and the rest are being continued. No oil has yet been found, but the search shows at least an earnest desire to increase home supplies.

For the immediate purposes of national defence, however, it is clear that reliance must be placed primarily on the organization of storage and of

continued supplies from abroad. Neither problem has been neglected. The question of storage has, of course, been greatly complicated by the possibility of air attack. It is no longer enough to have the required quantities. Stored supplies, whether imported or home-produced, must be made safe from bombs. The ideal method of fulfilling this requirement is to construct storage in the least vulnerable places and in the least vulnerable manner, that is, by separating the tanks and making them of the new non-inflammable type. Some progress has been made in this task by the commercial oil companies, and still more by the Services, which have been charged with the duty of organizing their own reserves. But it would be idle to pretend that a storage system, necessarily constructed near large centres of population in order to keep the costs of distribution low, will provide satisfactorily for the supply of civilian needs in time of war. This is a task which cannot be shirked, though it must yield, and has yielded priority to the task of making safe reserves for the Services. As for assuring the continuance of imports, that is not the hopeless task which it is sometimes assumed to be. Sir Arthur Salter, in his work on Allied shipping control, reveals that during the War the convoy system reduced casualties from 10 per cent. to under 1 per cent., and the power of the submarine against convoying warships has certainly not increased since that date. It must be assumed that the Navy and Air Force will be strong enough to prevent anything



but a temporary interruption of routes to sufficient sources of supply, of which there is a wide choice. But there, after all, is the essence of successful national defence, and if safe communications cannot be assured there must be a disastrous lack of more things than fuel. Moreover, from the point of view of capacity to import, this country is well equipped. The largest tanker fleet in the world—over four hundred vessels—sails under the British flag, and in times of emergency the country count upon most of the nine million tons of this kind of shipping which is to-day registered at Lloyd's. Any huge increase of home-produced supplies must in present circumstances be ruled out. The process will be slow and uneconomic. But there need be no alarm on that account. Since the continuance of supplies by quicker and cheaper methods can be assured the question of expanding home-produced supplies can be studied calmly and without wholly disregarding economic and financial considerations. There is a clear case for maintaining the encouragement of processes whose technical merit has been or can be proved, and whose contribution to the supplies required is already useful, if small. But every part of the formidable task of ensuring the nation's safety cannot be completed simultaneously and at once, and the immediately practical in some cases must have precedence over the ideal.

*The Times*

## XVIII

### THE HOUSING ACT OF 1936

THE twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Land Union was held at the Chartered Surveyors' Institution yesterday, Lord Exeter presiding. A statement by the hon. treasurer, Lord Bayford, having been read, Lord Brocket was re-elected chairman, and the existing council was re-elected, with the addition of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Normanby.

Lord Brocket, in presenting the report of the council for 1936, referred to the losses the union had suffered by the death of Sir Trustram Eve, Lord Feilding, and Lord Peel. He said that the financial position was satisfactory, the bank overdraft of the previous year having been turned into a credit balance. Subscriptions had increased, which showed that the Land Union was not only a necessary body, but a capable and vigorous one particularly as it was the only organization interested in all forms of land, urban as well as rural or agricultural. It was specially valuable to have a composite body like the union able to regard any political or economic question from every point of view.

Among the Acts which had affected land-owners very adversely was the Housing Act of 1936, which consolidated existing enactments in regard to housing. While recognizing that there were in the big cities and smaller towns many

houses and streets which were both insanitary and dangerous to health, the report stated that in probably an equally large number of cases grave injustice was being done, and property owners were literally having their property confiscated without receiving any adequate compensation. In some cases the owners might be to blame, but most of the houses concerned had been subject to the Rent Restrictions Acts, and the amount of rent obtainable and the limitation on the increase allowed in respect of repairs had made it impossible for the owners to carry out such repairs as they would normally have wished. Furthermore, the case of a person occupying his own house should receive different treatment from that of the person who had let the house to tenants.

Much of the injustice was caused by the fact that the whole matter, not only as regarded the action by the local authority but as regarded appeals by the property-owner, was dealt with administratively and without any control by the Courts of Law. It was a most deplorable state of affairs that the Ministry of Health should set standards and formulate requirements, should then impress on local authorities that these must be complied with regardless of the circumstances appertaining to particular cases, and should then purport to judge whether their own requirements were reasonable. This was one more example of the grave injustices which were being perpetrated because present-day legislation was denying to

- the subject his elementary right of appeal to the Courts.

This question was receiving the earnest consideration of the council, which was taking every possible step, in conjunction with other bodies, to bring about some alteration, and to persuade the Government that it was essential, in all Acts where the rights of the individual were interfered with, that the individual should have access not only to the authorities concerned, but to the Courts.

The Public Health Act of 1936 only came into force on October 1. In all cases where the rights of individuals were concerned the Act gave a right of appeal to the Courts of summary jurisdiction and through them to Quarter Sessions and the High Court. If this could be granted in one case there appeared no reason why it should not be granted wherever local authorities exercised rights which might come into conflict with those of the individual property-owner.

He could not say that the council agreed with the principle of the unification of coal royalties, which really amounted to nationalization, or with the amount offered to the royalty-owners. On behalf of its members who were royalty-owners the council would have to reserve the right to take what steps seemed best when the legislation was brought forward.

The council welcomed the measures proposed by the Government for increasing the fertility of the land and for improving the health of the stock.

Farmers could not, however, produce the quantity of foodstuffs which should be grown in this country while they were short of capital and the land itself got starved. There could be no satisfactory agricultural policy initiated by the Government while there was no security of tenure for farmer or landowner.

There could be no security of tenure nor sure foundation for agriculture so long as the drain of the death duties was allowed to continue to sap the capital of the country. Since 1891 £1,700,000,000 had been raised in death duties, and even during the last four years, £342,536,000 had been taken from the capital of the country. All except the £46,686,000 placed to Sinking Fund had been spent as income.

Thus, even in these last four years of National Government, capital to the extent of £75,000,000 a year was being spent as income. No country company, or individual could exist financially on principles of that kind. The yield from death duties on agricultural land was £2,000,000 a year, and this comparatively small sum harmed agriculture out of all proportion to its amount.

For some years the Land Union had been taking active steps, in co-operation with other bodies, to persuade the Government to adopt a scheme whereby death duties would not be charged on agricultural land until that land was sold. In this way not only would essential capital be left in the land but this preferential treatment would attract new capital to the land. The old system

of landowner and tenant would thus be greatly strengthened.

The policy of the Government should be to encourage the agricultural landowner and not to tax him out of existence, as there was nothing to put in his place. If the question of death duties on agricultural land in particular and in general was bravely tackled by the Government there would be a sure and lasting foundation for a prosperous agriculture.

*The Times*

## XIX

### THE NURSE'S VOCATION

THE first meeting of the Committee on Nursing, appointed recently by the Minister of Health, takes place to-day. It marks the end of a period in the history of the nursing profession which may be said to have begun when Florence Nightingale re-created that profession and gave it again the high ideals of service which had been its conspicuous grace in the old religious houses. Miss Nightingale's effort was necessarily limited by the circumstances of her time and by the knowledge which was then available. If she laid strong and sure foundations, she did not build upon a scale which modern judgment could accept as adequate. Many branches of nursing found no place at all in her scheme, and the needs of millions remained remote from its provisions. The passage of the years necessarily intensified this deficiency—so much so that Miss Nightingale herself came to deplore the lack of nurses and the lack of training for nurses, and spent the last years of her activity in trying to extend her work.

Extension came on a great scale after her death, but not perhaps in the manner she would have chosen. The title of "nurse" was assumed by all sorts of women, trained, partially trained, and wholly without training, while extensive districts of town and country, but especially of country, remained without any kind of nursing service.

Attempts to remedy abuses and defects were many, but were uniformly unsuccessful. Even the term "trained nurse," which at first had meant a nurse trained in one of the voluntary hospitals, began to lose its virtue and to be applied to women whose periods of instruction were so short as to constitute a danger rather than an advantage. The hospital-trained nurses complained bitterly that their uniform had ceased to protect them or to afford them any distinction; but their numbers were insufficient to meet existing needs, so that their grievances had small chance of remedy. Any nurse was thought to be better than no nurse. Confusion grew and became worse confounded in the years immediately preceding the Great War, when the public services began to compete for nurses. Nor was the profession helped in its struggle towards self-government and self-respect by the financial and other difficulties under which almost all its members laboured. There were no accredited leaders, and such organizations as existed were powerless to effect reform.

The War at once revealed immediately all the defects and all the weaknesses, which indeed became all the more obvious for the heroic and devoted services that were rendered by nurses on all the fronts. The will to reform was quickened and strengthened, and the opportunity of an awakened public sympathy was seized to press the nurses' claims upon Parliament. An admirable spirit of co-operation resolved differences of opinion which in less favourable circumstances



might have proved serious obstacles, and in 1919 the Nurses Registration Act became law. The General Nursing Council for England and Wales was set up, and the first step taken to establish nursing upon foundations similar to those of the medical profession. At the same time the nurses' associations, and notably the College of Nursing, began to expand their services. The object from the outset of those who led the movement was to lay stress upon the vocational side of the work, for it was felt that, as in the case of the medical profession, authoritarian methods must be discarded as unsuitable and even dangerous. Nurses, like doctors, depend to a great extent upon themselves and are guided by personal experience and by personal qualities of character and of craftsmanship. They must, therefore, retain a large measure of individual independence and can scarcely act collectively except through the medium of such an organization as a college composed of members who are steeped in the professional spirit. That conspicuous success has attended the efforts of the General Nursing Council is shown by the gradual emergence of order out of confusion, and by the fact that the number of nurses qualified has doubled in ten years.

This process of establishing a profession, with which nothing should be allowed to interfere, has already placed in the hands of nurses the means of securing better conditions of work, though it is recognized now that further reform is urgently necessary. What is important is that

reform should be demanded in the name of service and not by such arguments as to suggest that nurses are concerned only with their personal rights. And here the case of the doctor should be the guide. As the late Sir William Osler said once in addressing medical students: "Your services are valuable beyond computation, but you limit the rewards of those services to the amount necessary to enable you go on serving." Nurses should always hold this strictly vocational aspect of their work in mind lest they lose something of the spirit which has won for them the affection and regard of their fellows. They should press their own claims as the claims of their patients, demanding adequate rest, payment, and relief in old age as the essential conditions of that *aequus animus* without which their office must always be lacking in efficiency. There should, however, be nothing unreasonably rigid in the enforcement of such conditions. It has been the policy of the College of Nursing to hold this ideal of stewardship firmly before the minds of its members and to bid the nurse realize that her highest claim is always her patients' well-being. Duty and rights, in other words, are held to be identical. In the name of this *droit* all the abuses which now hamper the nurses' service ought to be attacked—a task which is not rendered easier by much irresponsible and unfounded criticism. The choice of any other ground of attack, especially a political ground, would be calamitous, in so much that it would amount to a confession that nursing had ceased

to base itself upon sacrifice and unselfishness. Happily nurses are well aware of the importance of a distinction which must always be clearer in their eyes than in those of persons who are without their special experience. In founding, with willing help from many friends, and in supporting a college of their own they have informed the world of their intentions as well as of their feelings. The spirit which Miss Nightingale infused into her work is thus alive to-day and active at a moment when a new chapter in nursing history is about to be begun.

*The Times*

## XX

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY

THE developments that are taking place within the sphere of physical education in Germany are novel, far-reaching, highly interesting, and often very instructive. In the schools physical training has been raised to the importance and dignity of a principal subject of the curriculum; in the universities it is now obligatory for all, and every student must practise it continuously for the first eighteen months of his university career and reach a certain degree of proficiency in it; in industry its value as a corrective and restorative is fully realized. Among the general population there is a distinct demand for it, not only because it is interesting in itself, promotes good health and indicates agreeable ways of spending leisure-time, but also because of the strong conviction that the country demands the assiduous prosecution of it, to satisfy her own self-respect, to enhance her dignity and honour among the nations, and to ensure her safety and assure her victory in the event of war. Physical training in Germany is bound up with National Socialism, and all the new social and political institutions that have sprung up in the country within the last few years stress its importance and seek to foster it, whatever their other aims may be. It is now quite clear that it is the moral duty of a German to keep fit all his life, and that public opinion will not

countenance any attempt on his part to evade or shirk it. An unfit man is a national liability, a fit man an asset. And the Government badly needs assets, and is determined to have them.

Having thus called the tune and made certain stipulations as to its nature and quality, Germany is showing no disposition to avoid paying the piper, however high his price may be. A wealth of varied and attractive facilities for physical education has been provided, requests for the supply of material and apparatus seem to be ungrudgingly met, appropriate steps are being taken to secure and train teachers and instructors, the material resources of the various state services are being laid under constant contribution, careful arrangements are being made for the co-ordination and proper direction of effort, and the best organizing talent in a land of super-organization is being placed at the disposal of the movement. A very great deal has already been accomplished, but there is no evidence that the Germans feel that they are likely to reach the limit of possible achievement in the near future or that they envisage the time when interest in physical education will decline. On the contrary, they make it quite clear that they are convinced that it has come to stay, that it will grow still greater, and that what has already been achieved must only be regarded as a sample-in-advance of what is coming in the future.

The question will now perhaps be asked: Is not the present German preoccupation with the subject of physical training likely to go too far, and

is there not already a tendency in that country to seek to develop the body at the expense of the mind and to regard it as a mere machine to be kept constantly tuned up to the highest possible pitch of efficiency, rather than as the habitation of the mind and the temple of the soul? The Germans, of course, stoutly deny that the movement has gone too far, and scout the possibility of the time ever arriving when they may be unable to control it and when it may "run away with them." They say that what is happening is nothing more than the natural swing of the pendulum away from the excessive preoccupation with the affairs of the mind that was the prime source, they aver, of the weakness of Germany in the past, and that led to mental instability, indecision, crankiness, and egocentricity, and tended to paralyse the national effort at moments of crisis. They maintain that they can control this swing of the pendulum away from nineteenth-century intellectualism. Their aim, they say, is to restore the body to the place of dignity that is its by right as an equal partner "in the God-given trinity of body, mind, and soul," and to produce a race of people in whom one set of natural powers is not developed at the expense of the others, and whose adjustment to life is harmonious and reasonable. Modern Germany, they insist, has no use for a horde of excessively intellectual young men and women, neurasthenics, pessimists, cranks, and rainbow-chasers. It wants men and women of balance, poise, and faith, physically as well as intellectually

strong, whose well-trained bodies not only enable them to put up a good resistance against disease and decay and to stand the wear and tear of modern life, but are also good to look upon.

Such is the argument for what it is worth, and without seeming to grant its truth in its entirety, the opinion may perhaps be expressed that it would be wrong to reject it summarily off-hand because it sounds high-flown and rhetorical, for it must be admitted that there is at least a grain of truth in it. For example, German intellectualism, great as its services to learning and humanity have been in the past, and strong and healthy as it probably is, in essence, at present, has certainly from time to time, for reasons that need not be elaborated here, shown a distinct tendency "to go bad in the bottle"; and of this none are more aware than the Germans themselves. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that some corrective to this tendency is necessary at the present moment—it is not desired to express any opinion on this point. But whether a corrective is necessary or not, there is no doubt that one is now being applied, and that drastically. Whether the present corrective, if it is necessary, is the right one in the circumstances is certainly open to question. Whether the treatment is likely to go too far, it is as yet too soon to say. It may perhaps, however, be permitted to express the fear of the possibility of its going too far—in the case of a people with whom unfortunately the Best has often tended to be the enemy of the Good. That physical education

in itself is an excellent thing nobody can deny, but its continued prosecution to excess at the expense of the things of the mind and the soul in a whole nation of the size and standing of Germany might lead to fearful consequences for her and to trouble for the whole world.

Be that as it may, there is now abroad in Germany a spirit that intends to get things done: the country is full of young people eagerly intent on doing great things for Germany. Great as the achievements in the field of physical education have been up to the present, they are determined to make them greater still in the future, and it will not be owing to any lack of energy and determination on the part of these young men, if they do not eventually succeed in getting the sort of Germany that they so ardently desire, and that National Socialism considers that it requires.



## XXI

### ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOL

WE are instructed by the terms of our reference to consider and report upon the position of English in the educational system of the country, that is to say, the position of a part in relation to the whole in which it is included. If the instruction had gone no further, it might have been reasonable to suppose that the present educational system of the country was to be accepted as a fixed framework and that our concern with English was limited to the manner in which it is fitted, or should be fitted, into its place in that framework. But the terms of reference continue as follows: "regard being had to the requirements of a liberal education, the needs of business, the professions, and public services, and the relation of English to other studies." Not only are these words significant in themselves, as giving a wide scope to our consideration of English, but we have found almost from the outset that they have imposed upon us a task at once more extensive and more complex than we had foreseen. As we considered the growing mass of evidence before us, it became more and more impossible to take a narrow view of the inquiry, to regard it as concerned only with one subordinate part of an already existing structure. A declaration that in our present system English holds but an unsatisfactory position would have been, we saw, valueless; for however

elaborately set forth it would not have taken account of the most significant part of the facts and judgments laid before us. The inadequate conception of the teaching of English in this country is not a separate defect which can be separately remedied. It is due to a more far-reaching failure—the failure to conceive the full meaning and possibilities of national education as a whole, and that failure again is due to a misunderstanding of the educational values to be found in the different regions of mental activity, and especially to an underestimate of the importance of the English language and literature. It is not required of us that we should propose in detail a complete scheme of national education, but we are compelled to indicate certain principles which must form the basis of any such scheme; because the recognition of these principles is an indispensable condition of success in providing for the best use of English as a means of intercourse and of education. Our position may be compared to that of an architect called in to advise upon what can be done with a stone which the builders have hitherto rejected. We find that the stone is invaluable; but also that the arch is too faulty to admit it. We proposed to meet not one but two imperative needs by rebuilding the arch and using our stone as keystone of the whole—the use for which it, and no other, is available.

Before we go further we must give a brief indication of the converging lines of thought along which we have been forced to this conclusion.

First, we have been struck by the fact that, although much labour and thought have been expended and many changes made, almost all in the right direction, it is still true that in this country we have no general or national scheme of education. It is understood to be the duty of the State to see that every child shall, during a certain number of years, receive an education, but the meaning of this is not generally understood. Neither by tradition nor by effective instruction has the general body of citizens any clear idea of the benefit to be conferred. To some the word education means reading, writing, and arithmetic; to others, almost any kind of information. Of those who understand it to imply instruction by skilled teachers, the great majority still identify it with the imparting of information, though some consider this largely useless, while others value it as a possible means to obtain increased wages or some other vocational advantage. In general, it may not unfairly be said that education is regarded as a suitable occupation for the years of childhood with the further object of equipping the young in some vague and little understood way for the struggle of adult existence in a world of material interests. The existence of other ideals does not diminish the confusion. Sections of the community, for social and intellectual reasons, have persisted in maintaining schools and universities for the special treatment of their own sons and daughters. The education which they have thus provided has, in general, been superior to that

provided by the State, but it has been the privilege of a minority only, and has widened the mental distance between classes in England. Matthew Arnold, using the word in its true sense, claimed that "Culture unites classes." He might have added that a system of education which disunites classes cannot be held worthy of the name of a national culture. In this respect we have even fallen away from an earlier and better tradition. Many of our great Public Schools, as the Natural Science Committee have pointed out,<sup>1</sup> though founded originally in the interest of poor scholars, are not open to poor scholars to-day because the scholarships and exhibitions which they offer are not, as a matter of fact, within the reach of boys from the elementary schools. The age at which they are competed for, and the subjects which they require, make them available only for those who have received an expensive special preparation. We may recognize that it is at present more difficult than it was some centuries ago to educate the children of rich and poor side by side in the same schools, but this makes it only the more to be regretted that there is no source of unity to be found in the teaching provided by the different types of school. If there were any common fundamental idea of education, any great common divisions of the curriculum, which would stand out in such a way as to obliterate, or even to soften, the lines of separation between the young

<sup>1</sup> Report of the Prime Minister's Committee on the Teaching of Natural Science.

of different classes, we might hope to find more easily the way to bridge the social chasms which divide us. For this purpose it must be remembered that classical studies are not available; however effective they may have proved in one type of school, they cannot be made use of universally. Actually, by an unfortunate irony of circumstance, they have been regarded as the possession of a privileged class, and not as a pathway open to all possessed of literary ability or scholarship.

A second fact which has impressed us is this. Though there has been a common failure in this country to realize the true nature and effect of education, there has been at the same time a common instinctive perception of one aspect of our ill success. The English are a nation with a genius for practical life, and the chief criticism directed, whether by parents or pupils, against our present system, is a practical one; it amounts, when coherently stated, to a charge that our education has for a long time past been too remote from life. We have come to the conclusion that this charge is supported by the evidence. However men may differ as to the relative importance of different objects in life, the majority are right in feeling that education should directly bear upon life, that no part of the process should be without a purpose intelligible to every one concerned. At a later stage we shall endeavour to trace the historical process by which the present divorce between education and reality has come about; in

the meantime we note the results. A quasi-scientific theory has long been accepted that the process of education is the performance of compulsory hard labour, a "grind" or "stiffening process," a "gritting of the teeth" upon hard substances with the primary object not of acquiring a particular form of skill or knowledge but of giving the mind a general training and strengthening. This theory has now been critically examined and declared to be of less wide application than was thought. Its abandonment would do much to smooth the road of education, it would make it possible to secure for the child a living interest and a sense of purpose in his work, and it would replace the old wasteful system of compulsion and mere obedience by a community of interest between pupil and teacher.

This community of interest would be felt instinctively and immediately by the pupil, but it is very necessary that it should be consciously understood by all those responsible for the education of the young. It must be realized that education is not the same thing as information, nor does it deal with human knowledge as divided into so-called subjects. It is not the storing of compartments in the mind, but the development and training of faculties already existing. It proceeds, not by the presentation of lifeless facts, but by teaching the student to follow the different lines on which life may be explored and proficiency in living may be obtained. It is, in a word, guidance in the acquiring of experience. Under this general

term are included experiences of different kinds; those which are obtained, for example, by manual work, or by the orderly investigation of matter and its qualities. The most valuable for all purposes are those experiences of human relations which are gained by contact with human beings. This contact may take place in the intercourse of the classroom, the playground, the home, and the outer world, or solely in the inner world of thought and feeling, through the personal records of action and experience known to us under the form of literature. The intercourse of the classroom should be for the student, especially in the earlier stages of development, the most valuable of all, since it is there that he will come under the influence of not one but two personal forces, namely, the creative power of the author whose record he is studying, and the appreciative judgment of the teacher who is introducing him to the intimacy of a greater intellect.

Not only must the true nature of education be clearly understood, but it will be a matter of equal importance that the teacher, at any rate, and the student, as soon as may be, should have clear and well-founded ideas about morals, science, and art. They must feel and, as far as possible, understand the direct interest of these as bearing upon practical life and the equipment for it. It has long been accepted, and at the present day it has been reiterated with great force by such teachers as the Dean of St Paul's and Mr Clutton Brock, that the three main motives which actuate the human

spirit are the love of goodness, the love of truth, and the love of beauty. It is certainly under heads corresponding to these that education must be divided into the training of the will (morals), the training of the intellect (science), and the training of the emotions (expression or creative art). In school, therefore, science must be, for teacher and for student, the methodical pursuit of truth and the conquest of the physical world by human intelligence and skill. Literature, the form of art most readily available, must be handled from the first as the most direct and lasting communication of experience by man to men. It must never be thought of or represented as an ornament, an excrescence, a mere pastime or an accomplishment; above all, it must never be treated as a field of mental exercise remote from ordinary life. The sphere of morals in school life is limited by practical considerations with which we cannot here deal, but it is evident that if science and literature can be ably and enthusiastically taught, the child's natural love of goodness will be strongly encouraged and great progress may be made in the strengthening of the will. The vast importance to a nation of moral training would alone make it imperative that education shall be regarded as experience and shall be kept in the closest contact with life and personal relations.

The facts and needs of the situation as briefly outlined above did not form the starting-point of our inquiry, but they forced themselves irresistibly



upon our attention from the moment when we first began to consider the present position of English in the educational system of the country. From the evidence laid before us it became speedily clear that in many schools of all kinds and grades that part of the teaching which dealt directly with English was often regarded as being inferior in importance, hardly worthy of any substantial place in the curriculum, and a suitable matter to be entrusted to any member of the staff who had some free time at his disposal. It would be natural to suppose that there must be some good reason for this neglect, but on the other hand one of the most obvious facts of which we have to take account is that education in English is, for all Englishmen, a matter of the most vital concern, and one which must, by its very nature, take precedence of all other branches of learning. It is self-evident that until a child has acquired a certain command of the native language, no other educational development is even possible. If progress is not made at one time in the region of arithmetic or history or geography, the child merely remains backward in that respect, and the deficiency can be made up later. But a lack of language is a lack of the means of communication and of thought itself. Moreover, among the vast mass of population, it is certain that if a child is not learning good English he is learning bad English, and probably bad habits of thought; and some of the mischief done may never afterwards be undone. Merely from this point of view

English is plainly no matter of inferior importance, nor even one among the other branches of education, but the one indispensable preliminary and foundation of all the rest.

*The Teaching of English in England*

## XXII

### PEPYS'S DIARY

PEPYS's diary is so various in its interest that it is not easy in a few words to indicate where its chief distinction lies. The absolute sincerity and transparent truth of the man and his intense interest in the pageant of life supplies the motive power. Important events gain by the strength of their presentment, and trivialities delight us by the way in which they are narrated. Here is not only a picture of the life and manners of the time, but, also, the dissection of the heart of a man, and the exposure suggests a psychological problem difficult of solution. We naturally ask how it came to pass that the writer of the diary arrived at a perfection of style suitable to the character of what he had to relate. Is it possible that he had previously practised the writing of a journal? We see the man grow in knowledge and power as the diary proceeds; but the narrative is equally good at the beginning and at the end. Pepys apparently made notes on slips of paper and then elaborated them without any unnecessary delay. It is remarkable that there should be few or no corrections in the written manuscript. He wrote in secret, and, when he unguardedly (at the time of his detention in the Tower) told Sir William Coventry that he kept a diary, he was immediately afterwards sorry for his indiscretion. It is also matter for wonder that he should have trusted a binder with the

precious book. Was the binder brought to the house to bind the pages under the writer's eye?

The brilliancy of the narrative and the intimacy of the confessions so thoroughly charm the reader that, in many cases, he overlooks the fact that, although Pepys was devoted to pleasure, he was not absorbed by it, but always kept in view the main object of his life—the perfection of the English Navy. Pepys was not a man of letters in the same way that Evelyn was one. When the latter was interested in a subject, he wanted to write upon it, and not only wanted to, but did write, as is shown by the list of his works in our bibliography. This was not the case with Pepys. Early in his official life, he proposed to write a history of the Navy, and collected materials for the purpose; but, although he talked about the project, he never got at all forward with it. His *Mémoires of the Navy* was prepared under an urgent desire to present his *apologia*, and was only a chapter in the great work that had long been projected. This little book contains a thoroughly effective statement of his case; but it is not lively reading or a work of any literary merit. The question, therefore, arises why the diary is different, and why it is remarkable as a literary effort.

The entries are all made with care, and there is no hurry about any of them; but we must remember that they were written fresh from the heart, and many hard judgments passed on colleagues were the result of temporary indignation.

He was himself careful, tidy, and methodical, and he was impatient of untidiness and improvidence in those around him. His wife often irritated him by her carelessness and want of method; but his poor sister, Paulina Pepys, comes off as badly as anyone in the diary. She did not receive much kindness from her brother and sister-in-law, although Pepys did his best to find her a husband, and, when the search was followed by success, gave her a handsome dowry. The pages of the diary are full of particulars respecting Pepys's various servants, and their part in constant musical performances. It is necessary to bear in mind that most of these servants were more properly companions or maids of Mrs Pepys.

Pepys's system of vows and the excuses made for not carrying them out are very singular and amusing. He feared the waste of time that would arise from a too-frequent attendance at the theatre, and from his tendency to drink. The fines which he levied upon himself had some influence in weaning him from bad habits. It does not appear that he neglected his work, even when taking pleasure; for, although the working day was often irregular in arrangement, the work was done either early in the morning or late at night, to make up for occasional long sittings after the midday meal. The diary contains a mine of information respecting theatres and music; there is much about the buying of his books and book-cases, but it should be borne in mind that the larger portion of the Pepysian library now

preserved at Magdalene College, Cambridge, was purchased after the conclusion of the diary.

It has been said that Pepys knew Evelyn a great deal better than we know that stately gentleman, but that we know Pepys a hundred times better than Evelyn did. In illustration of this dictum, two passages from Pepys's diary come to mind. On 10 September, 1665, he joined a party at Greenwich, where Sir John Minnes and Evelyn were the life of the company and full of mirth. Among other humours, Evelyn repeated some verses introducing "the various acceptations of may and can," which made all present nearly die of laughing. This is certainly a fresh side of his character. On the following 5th of November, Pepys visited Evelyn at Deptford, when the latter read to the former extracts from an essay he had in hand, also a part of a play or two of his making, and some short poems. "In fine a most excellent person he is and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness but he may well be so, being a man so much above others." So Pepys helps us to know Evelyn better and love him none the less; while, as for Pepys himself, we certainly know him better than Evelyn knew him, though we readily accept Evelyn's noble tribute to his merits. His frailties he has himself recorded; but, even were there no other evidence on the subject than is to be found in the diary itself, it would show him to have been a patriot and a true and steadfast friend.

*The Cambridge History of English Literature*

XXIII  
VOLTAIRE

WE are not concerned with Voltaire as a critic of literature or historian or metaphysician; but we may notice that in every department of human knowledge—and there was hardly any into which he did not enter—he showed himself the same philistine of transcendent cleverness. He expresses the views and arguments of the average educated man in the most felicitous language, with the most marvellous lucidity, and with the most brilliant wit. But while the average man has been taught to distrust his own judgment, Voltaire is fully persuaded, and with good reason, of his own cleverness and sterling common sense. What he cannot understand must therefore, he concludes, be nonsense; and what does not please him must be bad. He therefore loudly proclaims opinions which the ordinary man holds, but hesitates to acknowledge even to himself. Socrates was either madman or knave; Aristotle is unintelligible; Plato a dotard. All systems of philosophy are perfectly futile; and metaphysicians do not understand their own foolish business. When in his *Dictionary* he sums up under *Philosophie* the grains of common sense he has been able to gather from the writings of philosophers, a reader with no taste for metaphysics is likely to recognize an admirable summary of his own conclusions.

His canon of historical criticism is that what

appears absurd to him is incredible. He has all the prejudices of the average man who relies on his common sense, and of an unimaginative student of natural science who believes only in generalizations derived from observation and in logical deductions from such premisses. Hence he was entirely wanting in originality; and it has been truly said that there were Voltairians before Voltaire wrote. His influence was so great because he forcibly enunciated ideas which were held half unconsciously or timidly by his readers. Clearly to formulate and to assert prevalent opinions was in itself to threaten the existence of institutions which were out of harmony with them. The force of habit, dislike of change, self-interest, induce men to admit a strange inconsistency between their real beliefs and their social arrangements. Nor is it easy to startle them out of their sluggish acquiescence. To have done this was Voltaire's greatest achievement. Like many others of the middle class who have gained wealth and consideration, Voltaire was conservative from fear of the future, not from reverence for the past. He was far from believing that his persistent attacks on the Church would shake the monarchy. But the strangest of his delusions was the conviction that all dogma could be swept away, yet a residuum of belief retained sufficient to supply a necessary sanction for the morality of the uneducated. Since he held the lower classes to be barbarians, incapable of culture and inaccessible to reason, it would have been logical to refrain from any



interference with their faith. And at times he writes as if this had been his wish. He remarks, for instance, that when an old superstition is well established a wise statesman will use it as a bit, which the people have voluntarily taken into their mouths. But it does not seem that he would have extended this forbearance to Roman Catholicism, which he believed to be the most mischievous of creeds. It was chiefly the intolerance of the Roman Church, an intolerance which appears to be the logical consequence of her doctrine, that made him her irreconcilable enemy. To celibacy and monasticism, moreover, he had a rooted aversion. They were unnatural and unreasonable, and founded on that ascetic contempt of the body with which he and his contemporaries had so little sympathy. He attributed the prosperity of England to the riddance that had been effected of priests, eremites, and friars "with all their trumpery," and believed that "the voice of reason now supreme" would applaud such a reform in France. He thought that it could be carried out, not only without producing any civil discord, but even without serious disturbance of the popular faith. In this he anticipated, even if he was not responsible for, the reformers of 1789.

*The Cambridge Modern History*

## OUTLINES AND HINTS

THESE notes may be conveniently used either after you have written the main points, or after you have written the draft. Your early copies will naturally contain much more material than is given in the outlines, but they should be checked to see whether they do not omit something important. The outlines contain only the bare skeleton; you must add a little flesh.

### I—MUZZLE THE MONKEY

Private Rifle brought monkey into barracks against regulations—hid it at first—introduced it into canteen—escaped—various pranks—upset whole barracks—seen by officer on parade—reported—many attempts at capture—all futile—little girl calls to it and it comes tamely down.

1. It is impossible to imitate the humour of a *Punch* story in a précis, but try to bring out some of the fun.
2. Do not reproduce all the monkey's antics; select a few and introduce them by "such as." *Never overburden a précis with details.*
3. There should be a plentiful proportion of semi-colons in your final copy.

### II—UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE

Sambuq, ne'er-do-well, had shipped to America—unheard of for years—nearest relatives, the Trefumes, imagined he must have made a fortune—lived in expectation—met sailor who claimed

acquaintance with Sambuq—became envied in neighbourhood—letter arrived announcing Sambuq's death—fortune not mentioned—became anxious—Trefume decided to go to America—ignorant of language—pestered steward, who recommended him to seek guidance of two shifty-looking strangers—they tried to avoid him—steward told them in joke he was detective seeking bank-robbers—Americans hid in cabin and eventually left ship unobserved—Sambuq wandered through streets—saw one of men—chased him—caught him—was offered 100,000 francs—Trefume accepted and departed, not knowing Sambuq had died a pauper.

1. The difficulty here is to know what to select; do not devote too much space to the early part of the story, and condense the meeting between Trefume and the robber. *Remember it is always better to be a little too short than a little too long.*

2. Keep to one name Trefume, Trophime, or Cogolin: do not mix them.

3. Remember that Sambuq died penniless.

### III—AFTER MANY HAZARDS

Yeo escaped from Spaniards—took shelter and lived among Indians—captured again—Inquisition—sent to galleys—confined to cell in Panama—killed jailer—seized caravel—wrecked.

1. Unlike the preceding exercise, this précis might be made too short, if you are not careful.

2. Do not keep to the old form of language. *A précis must always be in good modern English.*

3. Do not introduce events which have only passing references, *e.g.*, the little maid.

#### IV—JACCLARD

Jacclard, poacher—cunning but sensible in his attitude towards keepers—caught by Bonchamps, notary-sportsman—sentenced—vowed vengeance—after sentence met notary hunting with valuable dog—dog poisoned—notary saw poacher—shot him—poacher gloated that he had got revenge, *i.e.*, notary would have to appear in dock.

This is a rather awkward story to summarize, but it works out quite well when you remember that *events must be placed in chronological order*. Do not let references to Jacclard's home or private life obscure the main issue of his vengeance. Jacclard 'played fair' according to his ideas. He did not mind gamekeepers. Always keep the central figure in your mind when dealing with a discursive type of story.

#### V—A BEAT FOR TIGER

Two white men (one expert, one novice) tiger-hunting—novice given instructions—to remain behind rock with bearer, not to smoke, etc.—hears noise—shins up tree—state of alarm—smokes—Porterhouse crawls forward—said he had wounded tiger—men rested before seeking tiger—animal slowly disappeared into jungle undisturbed.

1. Another *Punch* story, so see remarks on No. I.
2. Refrain from using too many exclamation marks.
3. Avoid temptation to use first person.

## VI—THE GRIDIRON

Pat, Irish servant—fond of detailing his travels—told of crossing Atlantic—ship sank—put out in boat with provisions—supplies running low—sighted France—Pat suggested use of gridiron—aired his one French phrase—put ashore—unable to make natives understand him.

This is a good exercise in turning broad dialect into modern English.

1. If you cannot understand any of the curious expressions do not waste time trying to puzzle them out; keep to the main story.

2. On no account introduce any of the Irish phrases into your piece.

3. Remember that Pat knew one French phrase which was understood ("Parly-voo-frongsay") and thereupon relapsed into English which was not.

## VII—KING ROBERT OF SICILY

King Robert of Sicily—proud—even to Heaven—*Magnificat*—falls asleep—transformed—found another king resembling himself on throne—Angel—turned into Jester—two years—country prospered under Angel—even his brother the Pope did not know him—became humble—heard *Magnificat* again—wept—pride gone—transformed back.

*Avoid ambiguity, e.g., make it quite clear which king you are referring to. Think of some useful words like 'irreligious,' 'haughty,' 'transformed,' which will save you using long phrases.*

## VIII—CON CREGAN'S LEGACY

Henry M'Cabe had two sons—fighting for his legacy—one went away—Henry took to his bed—Peter M'Cabe could not entice him to make will—died suddenly without making will—Peter bribed Con Cregan, who resembled dead father, to impersonate him—did so—left himself land when making will.

Notice here that the teller of the story can be left out entirely. Be careful to distinguish between the various M'Cabes.

## IX—THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

Art of roasting discovered by chance—swine-herd left cottage in charge of son—accidentally set fire to it—young pigs perished—nice smell—touched burnt pig—fingers to mouth—crackling—father also tasted pigs—house continually burnt down—accused—jury tasted pig—"Not Guilty"—fires all over Pekin—sage discovered it was not necessary to burn house—developments in art of roasting.

This is a straightforward piece; go directly to the events. Do not start with any preliminary expression, *e.g.*, "The origin of roast pig began thus . . ."

## X—THE EXPERIMENT

Macpherson, brilliant but unscrupulous physiologist—invited two scientists to witness daring experiment—bath filled with hot water—hand-cuffed man standing by negro—victim had tried

to murder Macpherson—had consented to be subject of experiment rather than be handed to police—Macpherson intended to withdraw his blood—inject serum to take its place—man placed in bath—Macpherson scratched arm and made blood flow—water grew redder—victim fell back in syncope—Macpherson explained that experiment was only auto-suggestion—man had only been scratched—was in swoon—but man had really died.

1. This is one of those tales with the “sting in its tail.”
2. Do not over-emphasize terms of contract between Macpherson and Wilson.
3. Try not to be *too* dramatic.

#### XI—THE MUSGRAVIUS MONOPOLY

Important university positions in mineralogy considered monopoly of Musgravius family—one relative held less important post—post vacant at Sorbonne—M. Musgravius went to minister to canvass for son-in-law—but minister had another candidate—promised compensation to son-in-law—Musgravius satisfied—professor-elect, unknown to minister was already engaged to Musgravius's daughter.

This is another straightforward piece, and as it is mainly conversation remember that *précis* must be in the third person and the past tense. *Never use quotations in précis.*

Do not clutter your answer with proper names. And when you use proper names be sure you have spelt

them correctly. Many marks are lost by candidates failing to take this simple precaution.

## XII—THE VISION OF MIRZA

Mirza, ancient Oriental, imagined he was on a high hill thinking about transience of life—saw shepherd who was playing a pipe—Genius—led Mirza to a high pinnacle—saw huge valley with tide—mist—time—bridge of life—pitfalls—birds, etc.—waters divided at rock—paradise—other part invisible.

With this exercise the passages get a little more difficult and are not mere straightforward narratives. But the same rules hold.

1. Do not attempt to copy Addison's inimitable style.
2. Remember you are describing the Vision, so curtail the preliminaries.
3. Do not be tempted to use direct speech here.

## XIII—THE PLAGUE

Plague—many pits dug—raged worst round Whitechapel about September—large pit, 40 ft. by 17 ft.—thrown in at night—hundreds a week—precautions—people threw themselves in—terrible sight.

1. Take it from onlooker's point of view, there is no necessity to start: "Defoe in his *Journal of the Plague Year* said . . ."
2. Get the cumulative effect: plague—many dead—small pit—large pit—one great pit. Notice the time when the plague was at its worst.



XIV—QUIET RAMBLE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Autumn—Westminster Abbey—secluded cloisters—dilapidations of time—tombs—transience of life—interior—spaciousness—columns—awe—great ones crowded together—Poets' Corner—kindlier feeling there—minds still live.

A similar piece to "The Vision of Mirza," but it contains less to seize upon. Mere reflections should be included only when they are essential to the proper understanding of the piece. The importance of a thought such as the kindlier intimate feeling of Poets' Corner must be realized.

XV—MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

Red Death prevalent—Prince Prospero collected a thousand courtiers—retired to strong castle—six months—masked ball held—seven rooms irregularly arranged—different colour schemes—last room was black with scarlet stained windows—braziers outside windows—clock in black room—frightened people when it chimed—masquers danced merrily—12 o'clock chimed—masquers aware of new figure—dressed as type of Red Death—everybody horrified—none dared seize him—Prince alone rushed after him—reached seventh room—Prince fell dead—masquers found that figure was incorporeal—one by one they died—Red Death had come.

1. A typical Poe story, but do not try to outdo him in gruesomeness.
2. Notice how the effect is heightened: fantastic

dressed masquers, braziers shedding curious shadows, clock booming ominously. You will find compound descriptions useful here, *e.g.*, fantastically dressed, grotesquely repellent.

3. You might conveniently finish on a strong note, *e.g.*, "The Red Death had come at last."

#### XVI—TOWN-PLANNING THE CITY

Difficulties of road problems due to misunderstanding of true function of streets—for carrying of goods and providing footways—through-passage not essential—not easy to provide these—methods of circumventing City better—potentialities of waterfront—warehouses declining—offices increasing—still many small concerns—control of height and angular limits necessary—St Paul's skyline—historic buildings to be preserved.

We now come to a new kind of *précis*—the report, or article. It may be found convenient to cross out on the actual passage everything not essential, leaving the skeleton of relevant facts. Remember, too, that you are here dealing with a passage which is itself already a *précis*, so that the relative value of every fact must be considered.

#### XVII—FUEL AND DEFENCE

Continuous and easy availability of fuel—supplies in times of emergency essential to national defence—Government duty—difficulty of achieving it—no shortage of petrol in world—science will effect better extraction, etc.—country needs large supplies annually—derived petrol not

feasible—production of oil from coal—shale—hydrogenation—drilling for crude oil unproductive—home production inadequate—primary emphasis must be laid on storage, especially from air-attacks—and supplies from abroad—convoy system effective—Navy and Air Force safeguard communications—over 400 tankers—problem must take time.

This passage is taken from a 'leading article' and is consequently a considered verdict on an important topic. Notice that it first refers to two addresses before it gets down to facts. You must start at the facts.

### XVIII—THE HOUSING ACT OF 1936

Housing Act of 1936 affected landowners adversely—houses confiscated without compensation—Rent Restrictions Act—injustice of appeal system—individual must have access to local authority and courts—judgment reserved on question of unification of coal royalties—approved Government measures for increasing fertility of land but Government must give security of tenure to farmer—drain of death duties must be stopped—no death duties on agricultural land till land was sold—release of death duties would bring lasting prosperity.

Notice again that things really begin at third paragraph, *i.e.*, "Among the Acts which . . ." You will appreciate the relative amount of space devoted to the three main points: Injustice to Owners, Coal Duties, Drain of Death Duties. No need to give detailed figures.

## XIX—THE NURSES' VOCATION

Service began in religious houses—Florence Nightingale—sure foundation but proved inadequate—later, title “nurse” embraced all types of women—attempts to remedy abuses failed—hospital-trained nurses complained—confusion—nursing organizations powerless—War brought change—1919 Nurses’ Registration Act—nursing established as profession—reforms still necessary—nurse’s highest claim is patient’s well-being—sacrifice and unselfishness—latest development Committee on Nursing set up by Minister of Health.

It is best here to follow the history of nursing as given in the passage, *i.e.*, in historical sequence. You get no extra credit for rearranging the order of events when such alteration only upsets chronological order. Remember that an expert wrote the article.

## XX—PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY

Cult of physical education in Germany now raised to front rank—covers all phases of national life—bound up with National Socialism—a national asset—no expense spared—vigorous organization—permanent—danger of going too far—Germans say it is swing from mere intellectualism—body on par with mind and soul—but prosecution of physical education might lead to fearful consequences for whole world—certainly spirit to get things done among young people.

Avoid temptation to repeat such phrases as: to go bad in the bottle, the God-given trinity of body, mind, and soul. Remember also that questions must not be introduced; find an alternative to asking, "Is not the cult of physical education likely to go too far?" Consider, too, the usefulness of a phrase like: "in all phases of national life," to sum up the different spheres that physical education commands—schools, universities, general population.

### XXI—ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOL

Committee to report on position of English in educational system of England—bound up with national education as a whole—much underestimating of importance of English language and literature—no general scheme of education in England—sometimes regarded as a suitable occupation for childhood—useful in encouraging child for struggle of adult existence—universities and public schools outside reach of poor people—education too remote from life—old theory of education as something like hard labour ought to be abandoned—community of interest between pupil and teacher wanted—education is guidance in the acquiring of experience—most valuable experiences are gained by contact—love of goodness, truth, and beauty—English neglected in schools—should take precedence—cannot develop if backward in native language—must be foundation.

Notice that although the report is dealing with English, only the last paragraph really deals with

English itself—therefore you must emphasize the way the subject is bound up with education as a whole. See that you get the gist of each paragraph.

## XXII—PEPYS'S DIARY

Various in its interest—sincerity—truth—vitality of man—intense interest in life—wrote secretly—few alterations—different type of man of letters from Evelyn—entries made with care—methodical—harsh judgments result of temporary indignation—references to family life—sister—pleasure—amusement—books—patriot and friend.

This is once more a rather different type of exercise, and it will be seen that the clue to the whole lies in the first two or three sentences. You will have to make drastic cuts, especially where illustrations are concerned, *e.g.*, the final paragraph. Remember that you are dealing with Pepys's *Diary*, not with the *Mémoires*.

## XXIII—VOLTAIRE

Philistine of transcendent cleverness—expresses brilliantly views of average educated man—fully persuaded of his own worth—relies on common sense and observations—wanting originality—startled men out of their sluggish acquiescence—feared future not revered past—most dogma to be swept away—residuum—lower classes barbarians—irreconcilable to Roman Church—aversion to celibacy and monasticism—prosperity of England due to exclusion of priests, etc.—he anticipated reformers of French Revolution.

This piece is not so difficult as it seems, and main points will become clear when you have deleted all the unnecessary stuff. Notice how the last sentence of the first paragraph is merely an elaboration of what went immediately before. Notice too the significance of the final sentence, the date 1789; everything leads up to this.

## QUESTIONS

SOMETIMES, in Civil Service examinations, the précis paper contains one or two questions bearing on the passage set. They usually occur in the junior or intermediate grades. For the benefit of candidates who may want some specimen exercises I append the following typical questions. It should be remembered that the whole paper, including the précis and the two questions, should take not more than an hour.

### I—MUZZLE THE MONKEY

*a.* Explain clearly and briefly the meaning of each of the following phrases:

a sceptical audience,  
forcibly commandeered,  
after mendaciously explaining,  
a stickler for discipline.

*b.* Using not more than 100 words, write a description of the meeting between the monkey and the cat.

### II—UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE

*a.* Explain the meaning of:

had been on intimate terms with,  
thought the moment opportune,  
enliven the routine of the day,  
did not inspire . . . any misgivings.



*b.* Describe how Trefume spent his first day in New York.

### III—AFTER MANY HAZARDS

*a.* Explain the meaning of:

taught me more of simples,  
at the burden of my heinous sins,  
adjudged to the galleys,  
I would fain have gone ashore.

*b.* Describe the capture of the caravel by Yeo and his fellow-prisoners.

### IV—JACCLARD

*a.* Explain:

magnifying the ampleness of his form,  
according to a charitable tradition,  
attempted to intimidate authority,  
he ended by cajoling them.

*b.* Describe briefly the trial of Monsieur Bonchamps.

### V—A BEAT FOR TIGER

*a.* Explain:

a particularly degenerate-looking Bhil,  
drawing a bead on me,  
wore a look of strained intensity,  
raise Cain.

*b.* Give a short account of the episode as related (and exaggerated) by Porterhouse at his club in England.

## VI—THE GRIDIRON

*a.* Explain:

By drawing out one of his servants,  
a right of loquacity,  
after making certain approaches,  
some extravaganza.

*b.* Describe, in modern English, how Pat explained to his shipmates, the failure of his mission.

## VII—KING ROBERT OF SICILY

*a.* Explain:

a sort of staring indifference,  
jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble-sceptre,  
had long courted his goodwill,  
an inexpressible calm,

*b.* From the point of view of an onlooker describe the procession to the Pope's palace.

## VIII—CON CREGAN'S LEGACY

*a.* Explain:

requisite to mention,  
more than accustomed liberality,  
a low chorus of compassionate pity,  
my father's loquaciousness.

*b.* Describe the death-bed scene from the point of view of Billy Scanlan, one of the neighbours.

IX—THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

a. Explain:

a great lubberly boy,  
a premonitory moistening,  
armed with a retributory cudgel,  
quite callous to any inconvenience.

b. Describe the Court Scene.

X—THE EXPERIMENT

a. Explain:

his lack of scruple,  
his arterial tension will diminish,  
syncope will follow,  
an experiment in nervous impressionability.

b. Suggest what (a) Jeffries, (b) Moffat,  
(c) Macpherson decided was the best plan to  
follow now that the murderer was really dead.

XI—THE MUSGRAVIUS MONOPOLY

a. Explain:

a lecturer in the Faculty of Toulouse,  
creating a dynasty,  
pretending to war against nepotism,  
just written a brilliant thesis.

b. Write a letter from Monsieur Musgravius to  
Paul Granjean congratulating him on his new  
appointment.

NOTE: In more advanced papers like XII, etc.,  
questions are not generally set.

